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EDITORIAL

IT'S MIDTERM CRISIS TIME

With a flurry of intense diagnostic activity, the doctors of punditry and political psychology have found President Reagan to be suffering from acute Midterm Crisis Syndrome, a malady which is easy enough to contract but dangerous to cure. The symptoms, as even cursory readers of Op-Ed texts must now recognize, include severe organizational disarray, positional vertigo around the middle of the road, bureaucratic incontinence causing a torrent of leaks and an inordinate fear of falling from high polls. In the final stages, a typical victim is caught in a depression he stubbornly continues to deny and locked in a paralysis of both will and power.

There is humor in the sight of the high and mighty made small and weak, and Democratic opponents of the Administration must be laughing loudly this week. But they'd be wise to check those chuckles. The danger in the Midterm Crisis Syndrome arises when the President so afflicted struggles to regain his strength. It was at just such a point—the summer of '79—that Jimmy Carter scuttled détente and invented the peril of a Soviet combat brigade in Cuba. It was also at the mini-midterm mark in Gerald Ford's Presidency—the spring of '75—that he immortalized the Mayaguez. And it was before the midterm elections of 1962 that John Kennedy risked Armageddon to prove his prowess against the Soviet missiles in Cuba.

President Reagan's seemingly intractable case is worth watching closely. Jerky movements toward Central America, for instance, are a distinct possibility. Premature withdrawal from the Geneva arms reduction talks could occur. Hysterical attacks on passing Bulgarians are not unknown in the literature. But if we should fear the dangers we can also take comfort in the prognosis: either the syndrome or the patient will terminate in only two more years.

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LETTER FROM EUROPE

IMAGINATION HAS NOT YET TAKEN POWER

DANIEL SINGER

"What has happened to your 'socialist' France? Is it going the way of all social-democratic flesh?"

Because I live in Paris I am asked such questions frequently by sympathetic American friends and by skeptical Brits who remember their own experiences under a socialist government. I could easily avoid this debate by pointing out that I was among the doubters in the heady days following François Mitterrand's victory in May 1981, but I think these questions should be tackled for a number of reasons.

France, with its tradition of upheaval, is different from Harold Wilson's Britain. Mitterrand's experiment, far from finished, has not yet reached the point of no return. Most important, the international economic climate is not at all what it was in the 1960s. As a result of the right's failure to cope with the current European economic crisis, the Socialists have been given a chance in Athens and Madrid as well as in Paris. If the reformist left, in turn, proves unable to cope, the consequences could be grave.

In fairness, it must be stressed from the first that the French Socialists' record is not entirely negative. They began by abolishing the death penalty, granting residence and labor permits to illegal immigrants and clearing the air of the pollution left from years of "law and order" rhetoric. Also, at a time when the welfare state is increasingly under attack, they raised the legal minimum wage, boosted substantially the family allowance and augmented other social benefits. They outlined plans for a gradual transition to a thirty-five-hour workweek and for retirement

(*Continued on Page 111*)

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LETTERS.

TOLEDANO'S RACIAL RECORD

New Orleans

In "Circuit Breaker" [*The Nation,* Jan. 1-8], James A. Goodman wrote about people either appointed to or under consideration for appointment to the U.S. Circuit Courts of Appeals. I am one of the people in the latter category. Because of my lack of familiarity with *The Nation* in recent years, I assumed when I spoke with Goodman that his article would be objective and fair. I spoke very openly and frankly with him. I assumed he was interested in obtaining the complete story. That assumption was erroneous; my confidence in Goodman's fairness and decency was abused and betrayed.

In the article, he dealt only with remarks I made at an early stage in my life, which he regarded as anti-black. In our conversation, I described to him my efforts to denounce the ignorance and bigotry of the statements I made when I was in my late 20s and the extent to which my words and deeds during the last twenty or so years are clearly antithetical to those statements. But Goodman chose to ignore everything I told him concerning most of my adult life.

Subsequent to our conversation, he was sent a number of articles written by and about me that furnish evidence of my moral and intellectual development. I know he received those articles; he told me so. He also said that he read all of them very carefully, though he did not mention one word about or from them in his article. He knows of my substantial support from prominent blacks and liberal Democrats, people who know me well. Among them are Samuel DuBois Cook, president of Dillard University; Louisiana State Senators Hank Braden and William Jefferson; New Orleans Councilman-at-Large Sidney Barthelemy and former Mayor Moon Landrieu; and Georgia Supreme Court Justice Charles Weltner. He also knows of my support of black political candidates for more than twelve years. Yet it better served his purposes to ignore everything positive about me, specifically the extent to which I have worked to oppose racial and religious discrimination and inequality in my community. *Benjamin C. Toledano*

GOODMAN REPLIES

Washington, D.C.

Benjamin Toledano attempts to portray his racially insensitive public statements as remarks made only during his younger years. But my article shows that long after he left the position of executive secretary of the Louisiana States' Rights Party in 1959, he continued to play upon racial fears. In 1970, in his campaign for mayor of New Orleans, he disparaged the City Human Relations Committee for being "stacked with people who are concerned with the Negro to the exclusion of the rest of the community."

Toledano is also incorrect in saying that I ignored everything he told me concerning most of his adult life. I did note that he told me in an interview that upon resigning from the States' Rights Party he had informed the party chairman that the organization would be perceived as a "racist undertaking." This protest, however, seems of small significance in light of the fact that more than a year later Toledano is reported to have said to a gathering of New Orleans parents opposed to the desegregation of area schools: "The issue is not whether Negroes are inferior. I don't know about that. The issue is that white people should have the right to say their children should attend white schools."

Finally, I read the packet of materials Toledano refers to. Nothing in it refutes my claim that at various points in his political career he has used the issue of race in a manner that is not worthy of a candidate for the Federal bench. *James A. Goodman*

'SCABBERY IN THE RAW'

Chicago

I have just read George Slaff's "A.C.L.U. and Unions" [*The Nation,* Dec. 25]. I'm stunned. Perhaps it was an egregious typographical error? Did the A.C.L.U. board really table the simple credo of support of union suppliers by a vote of 40 to 17 and subsequently vote not to reconsider it 41 to 30? Say it ain't so, Joe.

I'm aware of all the rationalizations and will not waste time recounting them. I'm thinking of the three women I met recently who work for Hanes in Galax, West Virginia, in a nonunion shop that makes men's undergarments. Many of us are aware of the cute TV commercial in which a professional actress says, "They don't say Hanes until *I* say they say Hanes." Recalling how the women told me of the Dickensian circumstances of their labor, and of being bruised in their attempts to organize, I think of the A.C.L.U. 41. Were I the public relations director of Hanes, I would send the A.C.L.U. national board a good-conduct certificate.

Why not be consistent and come out in favor of right-to-work laws? I prefer my scabbery in the raw. *Studs Terkel*

A.C.L.U. NOT ANTI-UNION

Springfield, Va.

I take exception to the views expressed by George Slaff in his column on the A.C.L.U. and unions. It is perfectly clear to me why the A.C.L.U. board *refused* to pass a resolution requiring the use of union goods and services to the exclusion of those supplied by others. To pass such a resolution would discriminate against the 80 percent of the American work force that has chosen *not* to join a union. . . .

The A.C.L.U. directors' actions were perfectly consistent with the organization's constitution, which promises to defend the right of every citizen to express and live by his or her convictions.

Perhaps Slaff should review the principles on which the A.C.L.U. and this country were founded. I think he would find that had the board passed a resolution to discriminate against a certain class of businesses and employees, the A.C.L.U. might well have ended up suing itself. *Joanna Boyce*

THE LEFT'S ANTI-CATHOLICISM

New York City

Christopher Hitchens's bitter little attack on Catholicism—which is what his article on Father Maksymilian Kolbe ["Holy Men," Jan. 15] was really all about—continues a shameful *Nation* tradition of anti-Catholicism, from Paul Blanshard in the 1940s to Hitchens in the 1980s. Hitchens's piece is quite faithful to the genre: in very little space he manages to refer to the Inquisition, popular devotion to a "mysterious virgin" and clerical celibacy—all phrased with casual repugnance. All that was missing was groping in the confessional. Although I agree completely with him on the matter of Kolbe and think this is an important subject for critical reflection, Hitchens's straightforward hatred of Catholics is offensive and ugly prejudice.

Beyond this, however, the article raises a very substantial issue: the American left seems to be the last stronghold of anti-Catholicism in the United States. At a meeting last year, I.F. Stone was hissed for suggesting that since Catholics had joined the left in protesting nuclear weapons, the left might reciprocate by being a little more sensitive to Catholic concerns in matters of the family and sexuality. . . .

If the left is anti-Catholic, this is a serious problem, which can alienate it from a clear and sympathetic understanding of the American working class. Many of these men and women are Catholics, and their world is one of work and street *feste* in honor of the Virgin, bloody hearts, Sunday masses, religious sacrifice. Anti-Catholicism may be indicative of a dangerous elitism on the left, an unwillingness to accept the working class's inner visions and religious commitments. This elitism can prevent real solidarity with Catholic—and Protestant and Jewish—workers, a solidarity which acknowledges their religious devotion and the quality of their inner lives and faith. And as I.F. Stone warned by implication, it can prevent the left from joining ranks with Catholic antinuclear activists, since there will always be the suspicion that in this intimate matter these Catholics are a morbid tribe. *Robert Orsi*

See Marcus Raskin's "War, Peace and the Bishops," which begins on page 105.

—The Editors

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EDITORIALS.

Exit Rostow

Father Daniel Berrigan, the priestly antiwar firebrand, once stole into a General Electric plant in Pennsylvania and dented the Mark 12A nose cone of a Minuteman III missile with furious blows with a hammer. "It was the only effective disarmament effort in thirty years," he reflected later. Those inclined to give-and-take rather than break-and-enter would doubtless disagree with that assessment; still, even Berrigan's moral mischief seems successful when compared with the Administration's recent raucous attempts to undermine the disarmament process. For just as the President's arms negotiators began breaking through the long stalemate with the Russians over missile reduction in Europe, Reagan fired their boss, shook up their agency and announced his utter unwillingness to compromise.

Seen out of context, the firing of Eugene Rostow as director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency (A.C.D.A.) looks like little more than a feather-fight in a hawk house. Rostow has been what journalists call a "hard-liner" since his days as an authoritative apologist for the Vietnam War in Lyndon Johnson's State Department. More recently, he was a founder of the Committee on the Present Danger, an organizer of the campaign to destroy SALT II and a leading author of the Cold War II scenario. His appointment as the Administration's top disarmament advo-

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cate hardly inspired optimism among those favoring an agreement.

But in the eerie Oz of détente diplomacy, Rostow threw in with the foreign policy traditionalists against the judgments of the extremists on the Reagan right. So soft had his line become of late that he approved a draft letter, promulgated by negotiator Paul Nitze and his Soviet counterpart in the Geneva talks, which retreated from the President's "zero option" plan for dismantling Russian missiles in Europe.

Paul Warnke, who held Rostow's job at the A.C.D.A. in the Carter Administration (before the cold war lobby forced *his* firing), told us that he saw the Rostow affair as an indication of Reagan's "apprehension that the Administration might find itself with an arms agreement after all." One way of avoiding that "terrible peril," Warnke said, was to get rid of the director. "They keep repeating, 'Zero option, zero option,'" he mused. "They don't need a director. They can just send over a tape recorder with a cassette." That is just what Reagan seems to have now in his new man at the A.C.D.A., Kenneth Adelman, a former student and aide of U.N. Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick, whose hard line has shown no signs of decay.

At best, bilateral arms negotiations have produced problematic results. The Arms Control and Disarmament Agency has come up with some arms control (the SALT treaties) and no disarmament. Arms control agreements usually advance the cartelization of arms production: that is, they direct defense strategy and weapons development away from standoff systems and into costly innovation. Control—as opposed to disarmament—pacts are the immoral equivalent of G.M. and Ford pacts to push new lines and abandon unfashionable old ones when the market declines. Even though the SALT agreements slowed the pace of armament in some areas, students of the subject say that SALT I cost U.S. taxpayers about $50 billion in new weapons; SALT II—even unratified—has brought us the MX and the cruise, for starters. Such systems are designed "around" the controls.

Real progress on disarmament could come from a full freeze on weapons manufacture, deployment *and testing*. There's no way around those bans; they disarm potential belligerents before the fact, rather than seek to manage hostilities when they are in fact already out of control. Farfetched as his hammering was, Father Berrigan was at least aiming at the right objective.

Liberals and Social Security

Credit where credit is due: President Reagan could never have pulled it off without the gallant cooperation of his loyal opposition, and especially the liberal media. As he himself generously admitted, he could not have succeeded in trimming Social Security benefits, cutting Federal pensions and raising payroll taxes—thus reducing his horrendous deficits—without their support. The solution hammered out by the National Commission on Social Security Reform, he said, "includes elements which each of us could not support if it were not part of a bipartisan compromise." So he was not breaking his word; he was merely yielding to a bipartisan appeal. And only a few unreconstructed conservatives on and off the commission complained.

Conservatives are characterized by loyalty to the fortunate, liberals by sympathy toward the less fortunate—and by an overwhelming craving to be thought well of by conservatives. Thus when Mario Cuomo, a most attractive Democrat, won the governorship of New York with considerable liberal support, he promptly named a Republican to the state's highest court. When did you hear of a conservative playing the game that way? But it's par for liberals.

John Kennedy and Jimmy Carter both offered the Treasury to David Rockefeller. He was too busy, but did provide them with substitute talent, Douglas Dillon and Paul Volcker, and fiscal advice, which they gratefully accepted. Not long after Ted Kennedy found himself at the top of the polls in 1979 and threw his hat in the ring, he asked Alan Greenspan to set up a lunch with Wall Street leaders so he could assure them that he bore no prejudice toward their interests. (At about the same time, Carter yielded to Rockefeller's pleas and allowed the Shah to enter the country. The hostages were seized, Carter soared in the polls and Kennedy in defeat returned to the New Deal.)

Social Security was enacted in 1935, when the country was far poorer than it is today, to guarantee a minimum of dignity to the elderly. It was understood that if payroll taxes did not suffice, the Treasury would make up the difference. This never happened; instead, for most of its existence the Social Security system has lent its huge reserves to the Treasury, while contributing some billions to the ineligible poor. In 1972, Congress belatedly tied benefits to the Consumer Price Index—with a fifteen-month lag. The average monthly check now is $400, a figure one almost never sees in articles about the "Social Security crisis."

A European observer might expect that the United States would be embroiled in a debate over *increasing* the benefits. Instead, there is a media consensus that they are too high. Only the public disagrees. The fear of public opposition to cuts explains the long dance of Reagan's commission on Social Security, which was supposed to report by last Labor Day but put it off until after the November elections and then until January 16. What was essential to the commission's package was Democratic support, which Tip O'Neill was understandably reluctant to give. He yielded only because, doubtless to his surprise, no strong liberal voice rose to defend the elderly and the wage earners. On the contrary . . .

In the beginning, the attack on Social Security was a monopoly of right-wing think tanks. But when the issue of the system's future solvency was brought to a head by the need to reduce the Reagan deficits, the neoliberals weighed in.

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Then some real liberals followed suit. The normally cool-eaded and always courageous and compassionate Anthony ewis of *The New York Times* was overwhelmed by an arti-e by Peter G. Peterson of Lehman Brothers Kuhn Loeb in *he New York Review of Books*. In his column, Lewis :hoed the banker's cry of alarm that spending on Social ecurity and Federal pensions from 1980 through 1985 ould rise a trifle more than military spending. To equate ilitary outlays with pensions while ignoring the rising ayroll taxes that finance those pensions is liberal states-anship of a high order.

In recent *Times* columns, the admirable Tom Wicker greed with his colleague. He called not only for trimming ie statutory catch-up of Social Security benefits with the ost of living but also for *advancing* from July to January ie next round of tax cuts, further shifting the tax burden rom the affluent to the poor. Wicker endorsed the appeal f Alan Greenspan, chairman of the Social Security com-ission, that political pressure be brought on Tip O'Neill to ompromise on Social Security. He repeated as fact Greenspan's prediction that the Social Security system ould run $150 billion to $200 billion short by 1990. And ow did Greenspan get that figure? He made it up. He ssumed, for example, that prices will rise 9.2 percent in 985, which is substantially higher than the estimates of is colleagues in the econometrics trade. Greenspan also sed worst-case assumptions for employment and demo-raphics. His projections may turn out to be true, but n that case we'll have much more to worry about than ocial Security.

One who worries a lot is Felix Rohatyn of Lazard Frères, a Democratic statesman by virtue of his having helped save New York City from inflicting losses on its bankers. When he is not negotiating corporate takeovers or peddling New York bonds (a conflict of interest unremarked by the local media), Rohatyn pontificates on public policy in *The New York Review*. A recent article opens with his theme: "The vitality of Western economies is based, in important ways, on the health of our credit system. This system depends on the actual financial strength of large Western banks. . . ." This system being notoriously insolvent, it is vital to save it, by public credits and by sacrifices similar to those made by residents and employees of New York City.

That effort is already under way. It is the largest relief program in history, involving the phased transfer of hundreds of billions of dollars of debt from private banks to the Federal Reserve and other central banks, and eventually to the public in general. It does not appear in the budget, it is not debated in Congress and it is scarcely ever considered by liberal commentators. They leave matters like that to bankers who understand money, while they thoughtfully ponder how much the elderly, the workers and the poor should be asked to contribute to the general welfare. You can say what you will about such liberals, but you have to admit that they are good losers. JOHN L. HESS

John L. Hess is a syndicated columnist and television commentator.

The Nameless Men

It is unfashionable these days to sympathize with prisoners—after all, some are killers, rapists or arsonists—but once New York State officials have finished heaping praise on themselves for averting bloodshed the week before last at the Ossining Correctional Facility, they should commiserate with the protesters rather than prosecute them.

During the fifty-three hours that seventeen guards were held hostage (whatever it was at Ossining, it was not a riot: though the guards were threatened, none of them were hurt; inmates committed no violent crimes and damage to property was slight), the protesters were treated by officials as though they had no individuality or identities. New York's new Governor, Mario Cuomo, stressed two concerns—the safety of the hostages at Ossining and the safety of hostages in future disturbances. Nothing was said of the well-being of the protesters or other inmates caught up in the spontaneous takeover.

Many of these men had been interned for months in a badly run, overcrowded cell block intended to house inmates awaiting permanent assignments in the prison system. There were mice and roaches in abundance. The water flowed brown from the taps. The inmates' demands were modest, naïve, almost pathetic and undeniably legitimate: space for recreation, proper medical attention, the right to receive one package a month, regular mail delivery.

Afterward, Thomas A. Coughlin 3d, the Commissioner of Correctional Services, cavalierly commented: "We're not a bunch of rednecks. We do care. They don't have to take hostages. We will listen to them. All they have to do is write me a letter. I answer them all."

Something is terribly amiss when the state treats prisoners as men with no names and no brains. The inmates' last demand was that there should be "no form of retaliation whatsoever." They intended this provision to mean amnesty from prosecution for illegal acts committed during the takeover, but to Coughlin, no retaliation meant that the prisoners would not be beaten in their cells once they released their hostages—a strained interpretation.

The false notes struck by state officials are particularly alarming given that New York's penal practices are considered to be among the country's most enlightened. Prisons in thirty other states operate under Federal court orders because conditions fostered by overcrowding have been found to violate inmates' constitutional rights. In the past decade, the nation's prison population has nearly doubled. More people are going to prison, and they are staying there longer. The voters want people locked up, but they don't want added taxes for prison construction or new prisons in their neighborhoods.

Something has to give. State officials must take the lead in convincing the public to accept the inevitable—shorter, definite prison sentences. TOM GOLDSTEIN

Tom Goldstein is a New York City-based freelance writer.

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DISPATCHES.

■ ETHIOPIA: Party Purge

The first order of political business for the new year in Ethiopia was a purge. Six members of the ninety-three-member Central Committee of the Commission Organizing the Party of the Working People of Ethiopia (COPWE) were unceremoniously removed from their posts just before the opening of the second COPWE congress on January 4.

Lieut. Col. Mengistu Haile Marian, chairman of the ruling Dergue (military council) and of COPWE, did not reveal the names of those purged or explain why they were dropped. They included a former high-ranking member of the Dergue, two generals and a former finance minister. Diplomatic observers speculate that the committee-cleaning was part of an effort to purify the ranks before COPWE is transformed into a political party next year. As part of that transformation, about 6,500 cells have been established throughout the country, but the size of the membership rolls is a state secret.

In making the transition from a military oligarchy to a one-party state, a move backed by Ethiopia's patron, the Soviet Union, Mengistu is seeking popular support at home and courting the world community with a more democratic image. But there is a large unknown in this scenario—the three wars in which Ethiopia is currently embroiled. In two of them, Ethiopian forces are pitted against Eritrean and Tigrean nationalists. In the third, the enemy is an irredentist neighbor, Somalia, which claims the Ogaden region of Ethiopia, where most of the inhabitants are ethnic Somalians.

The wars have not gone well. Mengistu's much-advertised 1982 "Red Star" offensive in Eritrea failed miserably. As a result, the Dergue has decided to draft and train two new infantry divisions to compensate for the regime's heavy losses. Shortly before Leonid Brezhnev's death, Mengistu trotted off to Moscow, seeking increased military supplies. This time, however, the Russians were not enthusiastic; they apparently told Mengistu that they wanted to be paid in hard currency and on time. There are reports that Moscow is charging clients like Mengistu and Libya's Muammar el-Qaddafi 22 percent interest on unpaid military hardware bills.

■ ALBANIA: Hoxhaism Marches On

Enver Hoxha, the First Secretary of the Albanian Party of Labor and a prolific author, recently published another book, *The Titoites*. His previous works, *The Anglo-American Threat to Albania*, *The Khrushchevites* and *Reflections of China*, all made the best-seller list in the capital city of Tirana, and the new one will no doubt do the same. But Hoxha keeps his loyal public titillated with sensational revelations. His latest opus charges that Marshal Tito harbored a secret desire at the end of World War II to be "ruler of the Balkans . . . from the Black Sea to the Adriatic, from the Danube to the Mediterranean." Hoxha also says that former Albanian Prime Minister Mehmet Shehu, who was reported to have committed suicide in December 1981, was actually a Yugoslav agent assigned t assassinate him.

Although Hoxha has been flinging accusations c "greater-Serb chauvinism," "fascism" and the like : Belgrade for years, the Yugoslavs were nonplussed by h latest effusion. More seriously, Tito's heirs are concerne by recent radio broadcasts from Albania demanding th "the status of Kosovo [a Yugoslav province] and other Alb nian territories of the former Yugoslav kingdom be r solved . . . in the spirit of Leninist principles of sel determination."

In 1981 Yugoslav authorities sent in troops to suppre mass demonstrations and student riots in Kosovo. Recently nineteen Albanians living in Kosovo were convicted of founc ing an organization dedicated to working for the return c the disputed territory to Albania. The Yugoslav press re ported that the group had duplicating machines, typewriter and firearms. In another case, nine Albanians, includin some affiliated with Pristina University in Kosovo, wer given prison sentences.

Albania, meanwhile, has its own ethnic minority troubles In a recent speech, Hoxha went out of his way to den allegations by an international human rights group that hi government had imprisoned several members of the coun try's Greek community. He claimed that only four Greek were being held for "political offenses." But Amnesty In ternational has the names of at least thirteen Greeks whc had been jailed for terms of up to twenty-five years on pure ly political charges. There are an estimated 2,900 politica prisoners in Hoxha's Albania, 1,500 of whom are forced tc work in the copper mines. Perhaps a new Solzhenitsyn among them will write *The Hoxhaites.*

■ SAUDI ARABIA: Hello, Big Spender

Every winter in Arabia, the *shamaal*—brutal sandstorms driven by northern winds that gust to the velocity of a Kansas tornado—sweep across the peninsula. This year the *shamaal* was accompanied by chilling economic winds. The global recession has blown sand in the gears of the Saudi spending machine.

In 1979 and 1980, the Saudis enticed a number of multinational corporations to invest in joint-venture projects, including several multibillion-dollar petrochemical plants in the towns of Yanbu and Jubail. As part of the deal, the corporations were given long-term contracts to buy Saudi crude at what were then considered preferred rates.

But with the current oil glut, the deal has turned sour. One of the major American investors, Dow Chemical, has canceled all of its Saudi projects, citing "eased oil supplies, excess world petrochemical capacity, its debt situation, and changing market strategies." From the beginning, most economists were dubious that the petrochemical plants could ever pay for themselves. Now that oil prices have begun to decline, even marginally, the Saudi investments look even more shaky.

The possibility of the projects' collapse worries the

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KAI BIRD AND MAX HOLLAND

Western financial community almost as much as it does the Saudis. While Western bankers welcomed the great oil price hikes of the early 1970s, they and the U.S. government spent many a sleepless night worrying about how all those billions could be recycled without jeopardizing international banking and finance.

This concern was expressed in a twenty-one-page airgram written more than ten years ago by a U.S. Foreign Service officer based in Jidda. A one-page summary of that cable was recently released by the State Department under the Freedom of Information Act. It was originally entitled "The Saudi Oil Income Spending Machine," but the word "machine" was snipped out by State Department censors, according to a reliable source.

Written one year before the oil embargo, the cable warns:

> Saudi Arabia cannot begin to spend her surpluses. Exchange reserves will continue to grow in embarrassing proportions. . . . Projections . . . foreshadow reserves accumulating to the (quite unrealistic) total of $100 billion in the early 'nineties. We can postulate, therefore, that Western and Asian energy consumer societies need to concentrate on speeding Saudi development spending, as well as opening special investment income opportunities for the Kingdom so that the oil will continue to flow.

Hence the game has always been to get the Saudis to invest, spend or even squander as much of their revenue as possible in order to recycle petrodollars. Dow's cancellation of its joint venture with the Saudis is a sign that the global recession is making this task all the more difficult. It's only 1983 and the Saudis have not $100 billion but $160 billion in reserves. That's a very large lump in the throat of the world economy.

■ CHINA: Dissent's False Dawn

Diplomats in Beijing awoke to some startling news last month. Wall posters had appeared near Tian An Men Square, bearing such slogans as "Persevere in the dictatorship of the proletariat" and "Sweep away all monsters!" Such sentiments could only be those of "radicals" attacking China's leadership.

But when the envoys rushed to the brick wall in question, they found that all seventeen of the green, yellow and pink posters had been torn down. A Japanese businessman on the scene soon cleared up the mystery. The posters had been background props in a government film about the Cultural Revolution, he told the diplomats. They were used in a scene showing a mock demonstration by Red Guards.

Propaganda films like this one are only one of the methods currently being employed by the government to counter dissent. Amnesty International reports that the authorities are also conducting political trials, including the prosecutions of about twenty journalists who were arrested two years ago. At least one of these writers, Xu Wenli, the former editor of an unofficial Beijing magazine, has been sentenced to fifteen years imprisonment.

The charges against Wenli and his colleagues involve incidents that occurred during 1979 and 1980, the so-called "years of exceptional freedom," according to Father Laszlo LaDany, a Hungarian-born Jesuit who has watched China for thirty years from Hong Kong. Normally, the Chinese press goes to two extremes in reporting, LaDany says. When the leadership wants to rouse the people, the papers are full of news about crime and corruption. This period of exposé then gives way to a period of euphoria, when everything is depicted as "rosy and wonderful." During 1979 and 1980, Deng Xiaoping had not yet consolidated his power. Unofficial journals sprang up in a dozen cities, and editors like Wenli, misreading the ideological signals, openly called for reforms. Now they stand accused of "counterrevolutionary propaganda and agitation" and "slanders and lies."

Wenli is not the only political critic being hauled into court. The trial of Nie Yuanzi reportedly took place recently. She became famous in China in 1966 for putting up, at Beijing University, the first poster of the Cultural Revolution.

■ BURMA/BRITAIN: The Undesirables

What do Maggie Thatcher and Gen. Ne Win, Burma's military strongman for the past twenty years, have in common? Answer: their dislike of foreigners, particularly immigrants from South Asia and China. Both have recently crafted remarkably similar citizenship laws, which create three classes of citizenship.

Maggie's new law revokes the right to reside in Britain of 3 million former British subjects in Hong Kong, Bermuda, Belize and a few island dependencies, while denying 1.5 million people of Chinese and Indian ancestry the right to pass on British citizenship to their children. As a result, a black, brown or yellow mother who is a resident of certain British territories must ask the Foreign Office to give her child a British passport.

With similar intentions, Gen. Ne Win pushed through a law that limits full citizenship to "pure" Burmese or "indigenous national races." A separate category of "associate citizens" is reserved for people whose forebears settled in Burma between 1824 and January 1948, when Burma became independent of Britain. Those who arrived after independence, many of them of Indian, Pakistani or Chinese descent, are eligible only for the third category—"naturalized citizenship." Gen. Ne Win explained to the Burmese press that many resident foreigners of Indian and Chinese extraction are involved in illegal business activities, such as "smuggling." The new law, he observed benevolently, will end the uncertainties of all aliens about their future status in Burma.

■ INDONESIA: Nuclear Free Zone

Defense and Security Minister Gen. M. Jusuf recently reported to the Indonesian Parliament that there will not be a nuclear war until the year 2000. Moreover, Jusuf assured the legislators, the authorities have "already taken measures to protect the people. We do not need to be overanxious about it."

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CALVIN TRILLIN

I had assumed that during this month—the traditional time for midterm toting up, national stock-taking and Washington thumb-sucking—people would be asking me a lot of questions about Deity Overload. These kinds of questions: Has the period of the most acute danger of Deity Overload passed? Has the economy become a factor? How do you see Deity Overload affecting the Western alliance? Will Deity Overload be a major factor in the second half of Ronald Reagan's term? Will Ronald Reagan be a major factor in the second half of Ronald Reagan's term?

I was ready for them. "To pose the question in terms of 'liberal' or 'conservative' is to misunderstand it" was one of the answers I had worked up. "It's too early to tell" was another. "It's too early to tell" is one of my favorite answers for any question; it's that rare phrase that permits you to sound more informed by saying you don't know. Just the other day, one of my daughters said, "How do you find the area of an isosceles triangle, Daddy?" and I said, "It's too early to tell." If cornered on the Deity Overload issue, I was prepared to go all the way: I was prepared to say, "One simply doesn't know."

Nobody has asked me about Deity Overload. Maybe they think Deity Overload will obviously have no effect on the Western alliance or that the period of the most acute danger passed months ago. Or maybe they're asking someone else. Maybe they forgot that I was the one who first called attention to the danger of Deity Overload. The public memory is short, after all. Just the other night, as I was eating a plate of *picadillo* with black beans and rice on the side, it occurred to me that everyone has forgotten about the Russian combat brigade in Cuba, only sixty miles off our shore. Nobody has even mentioned those Russians in years. For all we know, they might have reached Miami by now. As it happens, Miami these days is the sort of place where a Russian combat brigade could show up without attracting much attention. If they're still in Cuba, aren't they getting homesick? Do they try to get a little taste of Mother Russia by having half of the brigade stand in long lines for the wrong size shoes while the other half throws snow on them? Where do they get the snow? It's too early to tell.

It might be advisable to remind everyone precisely how the danger of Deity Overload first came to public attention. I did it, all by myself. This was at the beginning of the Reagan Administration, when there were a lot of stories going around about how James Watt, a committed Christian who had been appointed Secretary of Drilling, considered no matter too small to benefit from a prayerful request for divine guidance. This, if you'll try to remember, was just after the Rev. Jerry Falwell had asked God to help the Moral Majority defeat a bunch of Congressmen who were blasphemers, drunkards, idolaters and, on their better days, fornicators. It occurred to me that God already had, as the British ambassador might put it, a lot on His plate.

Was I denying the omnipotence of the Divine Being? To state the question in those terms is to misunderstand it. I was not saying that God has any limits on His powers, only on His patience. I fully understood that Watt might need divine guidance on the big issues. If there came a time, for instance, when he had to decide whether to turn Zion National Park over to Exxon or to preserve it for Mobil, it seemed reasonable for him to ask for a little help. What worried me was the thought that Watt might be asking for divine intervention when he wasn't sure how much of a raise to give his driver or was trying to decide whether wearing a cowboy hat on a trip to Montana might persuade people that he was not, in fact, a wonk.

Here is God, as I envision it, dealing with the usual—five or six wars, a flood here, pestilence there, a billion or two serious commandment-breakers. He's got Jehovah's Witnesses and Seventh-day Adventists jabbering away at Him day and night. Falwell is pressing for a day-of-rest easement to give Congressmen PAC money on the Sabbath. In the midst of all this, here comes James Watt to ask about cowboy hats. Would it be surprising if, at that point, God said, "Enough's enough"? That would be Deity Overload.

So has the most acute danger of Deity Overload passed, now that the parks are safely in the hands of the oil companies and Jerry Falwell seems to have joined the Russian combat brigade in Cuba? No. The economy has become a factor. A lot of people now have the need for divine intervention in matters that rank in importance somewhere between war and cowboy hats. Given the state of the economy, I can imagine plenty of people saying something like, "If you can't save my store, God, could you at least give the discounter across the street psoriasis?"

And the implications of the international situation? Good question. The implications are enormous. Every morning Ayatollah Khomeini comes in to present God with the news that fifteen or twenty people were executed the previous night for His greater glory—giving God the names of a banker here and a university professor there, the way an overeager cocker spaniel might drop dead sparrows at the feet of its master. Then Menachem Begin appears to remind God about His promise of all Judea and Samaria. "Yes, I know there were a lot of gods in those days," Begin says, "but you were definitely the one we talked to." He is waved away, but reappears almost immediately, saying "Remember—*all* Judea and Samaria. All of Judea. Also all of Samaria. Did I mention milk and honey?" There are fourteen wars going on. From Cuba, several hundred Russian soldiers and Jerry Falwell are trying to make a deal with God to trade their immortal souls for not having to listen to one more four-hour speech by Fidel Castro. Khomeini shows up again with the corpses of four newspaper editors and a labor leader. Begin is holding a map that shows Samaria to have extended to the suburbs of Istanbul. Watt is asking whether the cowboy hat may not simply make him look like rough trade. Has the point of Deity Overload been reached? One simply doesn't know.

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ARTICLES.

THE CHURCH VS. THE BOMB

War, Peace and The Bishops

MARCUS RASKIN

As one of his first acts of the new year, Pope John Paul II announced the elevation of eighteen bishops to the College of Cardinals. Among them was Archbishop Joseph Bernardin of Chicago, chairman of the Bishops' Committee on War and Peace, which prepared the Pastoral Letter on War and Peace, the church's strongest condemnation yet of nuclear weapons. The letter, which draws upon extensive testimony from expert witnesses as well as theological discussions among the bishops, caused consternation in the Reagan Administration. Vernon Walters, the President's roving ambassador, was dispatched to the Vatican to convey Reagan's displeasure. But the main effect of this overture was to strengthen the draft statement, which must be approved by the National Conference of Catholic Bishops.

The White House's discomfiture comes as no great surprise. The pastoral letter hurls a direct challenge at the most basic assumptions of the modern national security state. The bishops advocate arms control as a way of easing international tensions, halting nuclear proliferation, reducing conventional forces and encouraging the development of peaceful exchanges between potential adversaries. They call for a cutback in arms sales and the establishment of multilateral controls over arms exports. The pastoral letter advocates deep cuts in the nuclear arsenals of both superpowers, a verifiable nuclear freeze, a comprehensive test-ban treaty and procedures to prevent accidental nuclear exchanges. The bishops denounce the MX missile, oppose any nation acquiring a first-strike capability and characterize planning for limited nuclear war as morally repugnant. And they favor maintaining a clear distinction between nuclear and nonnuclear weapons. In sum, the Pastoral Letter on War and Peace is far more comprehensive than any previous statement by the church, the Second Vatican Council or the Pope regarding nuclear war and the arms race.

We have no illusions that the pastoral letter will immediately win unanimous approval. Rarely do pronouncements of church policy go unchallenged from within or by secular critics without. Nevertheless, when religious figures of such stature speak out on a fundamental issue affecting the future of humankind, their words should have considerable impact. And the letter does not confine itself to matters of policy; included is a section detailing what both government officials and private citizens can do about the arms race right now.

Marcus Raskin, a senior fellow at the Institute for Policy Studies, is a member of The Nation*'s editorial board.*

The moral dimension of the church's case against nuclear armaments can surely withstand the assaults of its opponents. For all that the advocates of counterforce and deterrence have to offer is a future under the present balance of terror, with the ever-present risk of the ultimate holocaust. The defenders of the nuclear status quo represent what I shall call the *absurdist* position; it is predicated on an antimorality and an antihumanity, involving preparation for a war that could cause the extinction not only of one's enemies but of one's own people as well.

The absurdist approach threatens nuclear war in local disputes. It calls for building weapons of mass destruction, devising strategies for their use, planning nuclear Auschwitzes, numbing every shred of moral sensitivity and abandoning the principle of proportionality of means to ends that should guide enlightened statecraft. According to the bishops, this absurdist position has

> strained our moral conception. May a nation threaten what it may never do? May it possess what it may never use? Who is involved in the threat each superpower makes: government officials? or military personnel? or the citizenry in whose "defense" the threat is made?

The bishops argue that nuclear war theory and nuclear war itself run counter to two fundamental although sometimes opposing ideas that have influenced Catholic thinking on questions of war and peace. The first is pacifism; the second is the doctrine of "just war." The bishops treat pacifism with far more seriousness and respect than the church has in the past. No longer is nonviolence a dangerous philosophy to be relegated to the fringes of theology. "The pacifist option" is now to be considered by Catholics. Although they do not openly advocate pacifism, the bishops endorse it as a politically and morally acceptable choice, and they single out for praise peace activists like Dorothy Day and Martin Luther King Jr.

As for the doctrine of just war, the letter points out that it was not meant to condone all war. Indeed, the bishops say, rather than contradicting the pacifist viewpoint, the just-war doctrine springs from the same basic tenets of Christianity, namely:

> We should do no harm to our neighbor; our enemy is the key test of whether we love our neighbor; and the taking of even one human life is a prospect we should consider in fear and trembling.

The just-war theory originated in St. Augustine's teaching that to protect the innocent it may be necessary to do harm to the enemy. Augustine's view was expanded by St. Thomas Aquinas to include the right of self-defense. But "butchery of untold magnitude," as Pope Paul VI characterized the atomic bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, would fail to meet either philosopher's standard.

According to the bishops, there are seven criteria to be used in determining whether a war is a just one or not. There must be a real possibility of injury to the innocent and a real threat to life and human rights. There must be a "right in-

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tention," which means that efforts to reach a peaceful solution must continue during the conflict. And there must be an "avoidance of unnecessarily destructive acts or imposing unreasonable conditions" (e.g., unconditional surrender).

Military violence is to be used by a nation only after all "reasonable means of redress have been pursued." There should be proportionality of means to ends. And national leaders must ask themselves if going to war is a lesser evil than not doing so.

Finally, the bishops say, wars must employ "just means." That is, the lives of civilians must not be endangered. The concept of just means directly contradicts the modern doctrine of total war, under which nation-states seek, through political centralization and technology, to involve civilians on both sides as combatants. Nuclear weapons have become an instrument of the total state, which seeks power as an end in itself.

How does nuclear war measure up to the bishops' just-war criteria? Not surprisingly, they conclude that it fails all of their moral tests. In such a war, a nation-state knows no limits and arrogates to itself the power of life and death over all human life on the planet. As they put it: "The destructive potential of the nuclear powers threatens the sovereignty of God over the world which He has brought into being. We could destroy His work."

Having established that proponents of nuclear war can draw no support from the just-war theory, the bishops then consider if there are any circumstances, short of total war, in which national leaders and their military commanders might use nuclear weapons. Stating that under the nonviolent tradition the church "would oppose all use of nuclear weapons under any conditions," the bishops imply that it would reach the same conclusion under the just-war tradition. After all, total, or counterpopulation, warfare was denounced by Pope Pius XII in the 1950s because it meant "the pure and simple annihilation of all human life within the radius of action." The Second Vatican Council called such warfare a "crime against God and man himself meriting unequivocal and unhesitating condemnation." This condemnation was also leveled at nuclear retaliation, for "no Christian can rightfully carry out orders or policies deliberately aimed at killing non-combatants."

This represents a startling political change for the American Catholic Church, which, in the days of Francis Cardinal Spellman, supplied religious and ideological support for the cold war, including support for the weapons to be used in what was regarded as almost a holy war against Russia.

The bishops specifically condemn the first use of nuclear weapons. They also criticize NATO policy on tactical nuclear weapons because it authorizes field commanders to use such weapons in the event of a Soviet invasion of Europe. The bishops heard testimony from various experts that commanders would not be able to control or limit the use of nuclear weapons once they had crossed the threshhold. The result, of course, would be an extraordinary loss of life in Europe and genetic damage to future generations. (American and Soviet doctors have estimated that casualties in the first weeks of a nuclear war in Europe would be between 160 million and 180 million.)

One issue that is not adequately addressed in the bishops' letter is the use of nuclear weapons in conflicts in the Third World. The likelihood of the Soviet Union retaliating if the United States intervened with nuclear weapons in a local conflict is not great, but what of their use by nations other than the superpowers? For example, what if Chile used nuclear weapons against Argentina? Could local wars escalate into regional holocausts?

Although the danger of such escalation is not dealt with, the bishops do call for the proscription of "limited" nuclear war, and they ask if the term has any meaning. Can there really be discriminate targeting? Wouldn't civilian casualties still run into the millions? Wouldn't organized society collapse in a limited nuclear exchange?

In a recent speech former Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara suggested a "no-use" nuclear policy, and he called for the institution of high-level communications links between Moscow and Washington to facilitate such an agreement, or to limit any war that broke out despite these measures. But this seems a variant on the familiar control and management approach. Under this approach, those who wanted to limit nuclear war through arms control and arms management ended up justifying new weapons systems on the ground that they were "invulnerable" (and thus better "deterrents") or new command and control systems, which merely provide leaders with more options for using nuclear weapons. "Control" meant finding ways to use nuclear weapons either in limited wars or as "bargaining chips." Thus, while the public debate concerns deterrence, the arms manufacturers, civilian strategists and military planners continue to talk about how to use nuclear weapons in "limited" and "controlled" ways. Rather than how to prevent war, the focus is on deterrence—an essentially passive notion—and on setting supposedly prudent limits on weaponry. Under deterrence, there is a "reasonable" answer to the question "How much is enough?"

As for deterrence theory itself, the bishops raise five moral problems: "(1) the possession of weapons of mass destruction; (2) the accompanying threat and/or intention to use them; (3) the declared, or at least not repudiated, willingness to use such weapons on civilians; (4) the moral significance of the prevention of use of nuclear weapons through a strategy which could not morally be implemented; and (5) the continued escalation of the nuclear arms race with its diversion of resources from other needs."

The bishops conclude that the use of strategic nuclear weapons and the "declared intent to use them" are equally wrong. Deterrence cannot be an end in itself. It must be accompanied by moves toward disarmament. If a nation does not pursue disarmament negotiations, according to the bishops, "the Catholic Church would certainly have to shift [its position] to one of uncompromising condemnation of both possession and use of such weapons."

The bishops' comments on deterrence are rather murky. One reason for this is that despite their doubts that it will avert nuclear war, they are trying to be "practical" and

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cognize that most political leaders are unable to think in ny other terms.

Deterrence is, of course, a *psychological* construct. The ssumption is that one nation can be made to fear another ation because of the latter's superior military power. To ealpoliticians like that great nineteenth-century statesman Ienry Kissinger, military power must be used or threatened o achieve national political gains.

The defenders of the deterrence theory argue that nuclear eapons have kept the peace between the superpowers since 945, but is this so? When the United States had a nuclear nonopoly following World War II, the absence of a Soviet leterrent did not lead to a preventive war against Russia—a ourse advocated by several top generals and certain lements in the Central Intelligence Agency (not to mention Bertrand Russell). In 1960, the proponents of deterrence hought that 100 or 200 strategic weapons on American subnarines were quite adequate to deter the Soviet Union. Now lefense planners say 10,000 American warheads are not sufficient. Yet there is no evidence that the Russian population nas increased to the same degree in the interim. Deterrence nas not discouraged other nations from coveting nuclear weapons. As the bishops put it, deterrence has "not, in fact, set in motion the process of disarmament. On the contrary, under its impulse there has been almost unlimited acceleration in building arms."

As an alternative to deterrence, the bishops propose "building peace as the way to prevent war." They call for unilateral initiatives by the United States, which they hope would encourage a Soviet response. As an example of such an initiative they suggest a U.S. pledge to forgo deployment of first-strike weapons like the MX.

The present tragedy demands new national security policies that moral leaders and their supporters can embrace, and the pastoral letter offers much that will be helpful in formulating them. One might criticize the bishops' interpretation of the just-war theory, which makes acceptable wars in which damage to noncombatants can be minimized. And they are hundreds of years late in acknowledging that pacifism is a viable, humane and sometimes necessary option. One is still left with the question of how to find a satisfactory political and moral course of action. The peoples of the world want neither mass destruction nor limited wars, but they do want a *just defense.*

By a just defense I mean a mode of social protection that recognizes the nation-state's role in the protection of its citizens, recognizes that international institutions such as the United Nations also have such a role, and accepts the principle that governments and people must operate according to moral standards of conduct and not surrender to the madness of proliferating military technology. A just defense requires establishing ways for nations to properly exercise their right of self-defense. Its use should be limited to times when a nation is attacked, and the means should be circumscribed by international law. Military measures that cause ecological damage on an international scale and harm future generations, for example, should be proscribed. Citizens would be obligated to withdraw support from their own governments if they used an unjust defense system—such as nuclear weapons. However, potential aggressors would be put on notice that the nation's people will never submit to them and will continue the struggle through appropriate measures.

The willingness of the church fathers to prescribe a sort of nuclear code of morality for Catholics should cause great alarm among those who hold the reins of power in this country. The withdrawal of the church's blessing from the actions of America's leaders is a novel experience. It is something we would expect from the church in Latin America or Poland—certainly not from the church in the United States.

Whether or not one admits it, the role of religion as a political force is increasing all over the world. The reason is obvious. Science has not brought spiritual progress. It has *decentered* people and driven them to look for roots, for a compass by which to steer their course in an alien world. The search for fundamentalist roots, whether in Lynchburg, Virginia, or Qum, Iran, is a profound symptom of the failure of modernism. This failure is reflected in the bishops' statement that the function of sovereign states is to keep "order and authority in the political community." They cannot speak to the deeper moral obligations of the human community. That is the role of religion.

The bishops' idea of developing Christian cells to confront a "neopagan society" does not mean a call for passivity. It is a call for beginning a series of public confrontations of the kind that Catholic peace activists like the Berrigan brothers pioneered during the Vietnam War and have resumed. The bishops call on people to "move from discussion to witness and action." Possibly the bishops will relate

DRAWINGS BY M.G. LORD

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their opposition to nuclear war to the church's position on abortion. Nuclear weapons can destroy future generations; nuclear war is mass abortion. Thus, they may unite "pro-life" groups and antinuclear groups—two constituencies that have heretofore been far apart.

The bishops are aware that there are problems in the world other than nuclear weapons. They allude to imperialistic spheres of influence and crushing poverty. They recognize that these problems are connected to the arms race. They suggest that the wastefulness of the arms race is one cause of the dislocations in the world economic system. They speak of mutual needs among the earth's people. Here their thinking is a bit shallow. Without a clear definition of need, enormous disparities and structural injustice will continue. A rich person's needs are not the same as those of a poor person. Consequently, the issue becomes how to define need broadly enough to encompass equality and social justice. The Catholic Church will have to confront directly the problem of class.

But for the time being, for the bishops, for all of us, "no single issue transcends the need to prevent nuclear war." The bishops conclude with advice to a variety of people—workers in defense industries, parents, priests, young people, scientists and public officials. They ask them to re-examine their daily activities in the light of their letter. And in so doing, they risk creating political turbulence in the name of humanity. Thank God. □

PACIFIST POPULISM

Putting War To a Vote

PHILIP S. FONER

In seeking to depreciate the significance of the numerous nuclear freeze resolutions adopted by voters in the last election, President Reagan charged that their sponsors were dupes of the Soviet Union. Certainly these misguided souls were straying into an area—national security—where decision-making is best left to the experts.

Actually, the idea of citizens voting on questions relating to war is not new in this country. Back in 1916, proposals that a national referendum be held before the United States declared war were widely discussed. One of the most vocal champions of the idea was Allan L. Benson, the Socialist Party candidate for President that year.

Believing that wars are caused by capitalist nations competing for markets, Benson proposed removing the power to declare it from governments and placing the decision in the hands of the voters. He suggested the following constitutional amendment:

> The military forces of the United States shall not be used against any other people except by direct affirmative vote of a majority of all the citizens of the United States more than 18 years of age. The word "citizens" shall be construed to include women as well as men, but the reservation to the people of the sole right to declare offensive war shall not be construed as any limitation upon the duty of Congress and the President, hereby imposed, to resist invasion, or upon American warships to defend themselves if attacked.
>
> War shall be proposed only by a majority vote of both houses of Congress, by the legislatures of more than half of the states, or by petition of 30 percent of the population more than 18 years of age. War having been proposed, a general election to determine the question shall be called to take place not less than 60 days nor more than six months from the date of the proposal.

Benson's amendment did not withhold from Congress or the President the power to respond to an attack by a foreign aggressor, but they could do so only in the event of an actual invasion. Mere unfriendly acts were not enough; if the government wanted to respond to these with military force it must seek the voters' approval.

To make the parlor patriots and barroom generals think twice, Benson added a codicil to his amendment, enjoining the President, in the event of war, to call up first those who had voted in favor of it. And he singled out for special attention the war hawks of the press, the podium and the halls of Congress:

> Every writer, public speaker, and public official who shall advocate war shall, forthwith upon such advocacy, notify the President thereof, conviction of failure to do so being punishable by imprisonment for not less than five years nor more than ten. In the event of war following such advocacy within five years, such persons shall be required to go to the front as common soldiers and remain in the thick of the fight until the end of the war, unless sooner killed or incapacitated by wounds. If wounded, such persons, upon recovery, shall be sent back to the front if the war be still in progress.

On April 30, 1916, the Republican Senator from Wisconsin, Robert M. LaFollette, introduced his own version of the war referendum in the Senate. LaFollette's bill called for the director of the Bureau of the Census to distribute ballots "whenever the President shall sever diplomatic relations with any foreign Government." The ballot would read:

> Shall the United States declare war against the Government of _____ (name of country) with which Government the President has severed diplomatic relations?
>
> Yes _____ No _____

The census director would be responsible for counting the ballots, and he would report the results to Congress. Speaking in favor of the bill, Republican Senator Moses Edwin Clapp of Minnesota declared on May 5, 1916:

> We have today peace societies, and their motives are grand and worthy, but we shall have permanent peace on this earth only when that time comes that the great, broad equation of humanity, composing the nations of the earth, shall declare whether there shall be peace or war, and when that broad equation includes not only those who must bare their breasts

Philip S. Foner is professor emeritus of history at Lincoln University.

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to the battle storms on the battlefield, but shall include the womanhood of the nations who must bear their share of the burden and the sacrifice of war.

Mr. President, this proposed measure takes from Congress no power whatsoever. If this Nation should be threatened by war, if, as a matter of defense, it is unwise to await the action of a submission to the people of the question, no one would doubt but that Congress would promptly and efficiently respond to the demand for defense and to repel invasion; but it does contemplate that in this matter of declaring war, when time shall permit of the submission of the question, that the great rank and file of this Republic shall be heard in some effective manner, so far as affecting the presentation of their sentiments upon that question.

Thus, the antiwar referendum has an honorable history in this country. Now, when the increasing likelihood of a nuclear holocaust puts everyone at risk and when the Administration calls for first-strike weapons and discusses nuclear war-fighting capabilities, the need for citizens to have a voice in the matter is more urgent than ever. Benson and LaFollette's proposals did not stop World War I, but their modern counterparts may help prevent World War III. □

WHOM MA BELL TOLLS

The Long-Distance Subsidy Slash

ROBERT JACOBSON

For half a century, the Federal Communications Commission has set long-distance telephone rates high enough to subsidize local service. The principle is more democratic than many regulatory formulas: as the heaviest users of long-distance lines, big corporations bear the brunt of the subsidy and, in effect, defray the cost of local calls made by small businesses and individuals. And the system has enabled nearly 91 percent of all households to afford telephones. Now, in the name of competition and deregulation, the F.C.C. has removed the corporate subsidy, and the result will be to "de-phone" millions of households.

The Communications Act of 1934 was supposed "to make available, so far as possible, to all the people of the United States a rapid, efficient, Nation-wide, and world-wide wire and radio communication service with adequate facilities at reasonable charges." The "reasonable charges" proviso was implemented by the long-distance subsidy on the theory that corporate users derive disproportionate commercial value from telephone service.

Now the masters of deregulation at Reagan's F.C.C. have made competition in the communications industry a higher priority than universal service. The F.C.C. says this will encourage the development of cheaper technologies for high-volume users. And the commission intends to place the burden of financing this innovation on the backs of everyday consumers.

Beginning in 1984, every telephone customer—even if he or she makes *no* long-distance calls—will be billed a hefty monthly charge, rising each year, to replace the subsidy built into long-distance rates. The cost of long-distance calls will fall accordingly, making it possible for A.T.&T. and its long-distance competitors to serve more cheaply the corporate market. "Lifeline" rates for the poor and handicapped may disappear. (In deference to Republican farm interests, however, the F.C.C. will create a "universal service pool" for the temporary and partial subsidization of telephone calls in rural areas.)

The lower long-distance rates probably will not deter large corporations from going completely "off the local network" by setting up their own private telecommunications networks. Should that happen, local telephone companies, already deprived of A.T.&T.'s support by the Reagan Administration's antitrust settlement, will see their revenues further diminished, forcing up rates for the vast majority of Americans who cannot afford customized alternatives to conventional telephone service. What's more, the Office of Management and Budget is writing legislation that would pre-empt state regulators and prevent them from mitigating the worst consequences of the F.C.C. action.

The commission estimates—using highly debatable statistics—that fewer than 1 percent of all users will be unable to afford telephone service when the new charges are imposed. But as Sam Simon of the Telecommunications Research and Action Center points out, even 1 percent of the 80 million households with telephones means a considerable number of people losing service. And A.T.&T.'s own projections, made in 1981 when it was fighting the Justice Department's antitrust suit, show "drop-off" rates of between 15 and 70 percent as telephone charges escalate. Naturally, the poor will be the first to drop off, and out of, the telephonic community.

The communications industry has successfully blocked every recent Congressional attempt to reform the Communications Act in order to mandate subsidizing regulations. Although Representative Timothy Wirth, chairman of the House Subcommittee on Telecommunications, Consumer Protection and Finance, has pledged to rein in the F.C.C., Congress has so far failed to act, and it may already be too late.

Before the Communications Act was passed, fewer than one in three Americans had access to a telephone. Now the F.C.C., catering to corporate users of telecommunications, is moving away from its goal of universal service. In the name of deregulation, the commission is effectively "transferring" economic power from the poor to the rich—just as surely as Congress redistributed wealth upward with the Reagan tax program. In the name of competition, the government is dividing the nation into those who can shout and those who are silenced by the monthly phone bill. □

Robert Jacobson is a communications consultant to the California Legislature. The views expressed are his own and not necessarily those of the Legislature.

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Imagination

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

with a full pension at age 60. They also passed legislation providing for an additional week of vacation. Yes, it must be repeated to incredulous Americans, all working people in France are entitled by law to five weeks of holiday with pay. (This, incidentally, was a Popular Front invention. Two weeks of paid holiday for all was granted by the Leon Blum government in 1936.)

Domestic critics, members of the previous government, who are partially responsible for the present mess, and monetarists the world over can be silenced fairly easily. These champions of economic stagnation and mass unemployment have no lessons to offer. Besides, the disasters that the right predicted would ensue upon the admission of four Communists into the French government haven't happened. In Paris, natives and tourists are still sipping drinks at Fouquet's, and sales of Rolls-Royces in France, according to *Le Monde*, went from fifty-two in 1981 to eighty-one in the first nine months of 1982. Civilization is safe.

More seriously, Mitterrand's France does not compare unfavorably economically with its neighbors. The gross national product has grown slightly less slowly (0.3 percent in 1981 and 1 percent in 1982) than those of most of its Common Market partners and unemployment has grown less rapidly. With 8 percent of the labor force jobless, France's unemployment rate is well below Britain's and no longer higher than West Germany's. Finally, the rate of inflation has been brought down, admittedly with the aid of a price and wage freeze, to just under two figures.

These facts are good for scoring debater's points, but they tell only half the story. The prospects for rising employment and expansion are now bleak. Particularly since the second devaluation of the franc, last June, there has been a clear shift in the Mitterrand government's emphasis from social justice to price stability, from equality to profitability. Taking its supporters for granted, the government has been trying, with predictable lack of success, to woo investors, domestic and foreign.

How did it all happen so quickly? The Socialists, on taking office, hoped to revive the economy by putting more money in consumers' pockets. The rise in wages, the expansion of social benefits and the budget deficit were all designed to boost consumption, which, in turn, would spur production and stimulate investment. But as the government had not altered the rules of the game in any fundamental way and had left trade barriers down, the main result of its policies was to increase imports. The trade deficit rose spectacularly. The gnomes of Zurich and other financial capitals, distrustful of a Socialist government, however moderate, had good reasons to speculate against the franc. After little resistance, the French government was driven toward

Daniel Singer is The Nation's *European correspondent. He is the author of* The Road to Gdansk *(Monthly Review Press).*

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economic orthodoxy and policies more acceptable to the international financial establishment.

Mitterrand's managers of the economy were a trifle unlucky. They had been banking on a general economic recovery throughout the West. In vain. Instead, they discovered the difficulty of a situation in which "everyone is out of step but our Johnny." The high international interest rates did not help, and the dramatic rise of the dollar added a lot to the French import bill.

Yet the basic reason for France's troubles was to be found elsewhere. The Socialists were seeking to cure the mild disease of yesterday. They did not recognize that the extraordinary quarter of a century of relative stability and prosperity of the capitalist system—based on the spread of durable consumer goods, on increased state intervention and on military expenditures—was over. Faced with this new crisis, capitalists in Britain and the United States dropped all pretense of consensus and launched an all-out attack on the labor movement. Mitterrand's economic advisers, in the same circumstances, chose to revive Keynesianism. Their failure is not the failure of socialism, which has not even been tried. It is simply proof that Keynesian methods are inadequate when the capitalist crisis becomes really serious.

It might be objected that the French experiment, involving an enlargement of the public sector and the spread of new rights to the workers, cannot be described as pure Keynesianism, and in a sense that is true. In keeping with his campaign pledges, Mitterrand's government has duly nationalized seven major industrial groups in electronics, engineering, petrochemicals and military equipment. It has taken over the ailing steel industry, the joint-stock banks that were still in private hands and the two big *banques d'affaires,* the Paribas and the Suez. It is too early to say what impact the expanded public sector will have on the French economy. But it can already be asserted that the whole operation is not designed to strike at the heart of capitalism—to alter fundamentally the traditional relations between owners and workers. On the contrary, nationalization is conceived of as a sanction: the state intervenes in areas where private enterprise has proved unwilling to invest or incapable of competing in international markets. It is in this sense that French nationalization follows an essentially Keynesian strategy.

The measures taken to increase the power of the workers have been similarly limited. The provisions of the so-called Auroux bill, which bears the name of the Socialist Minister of Labor, have reduced the power of the bosses in the factories by granting employees the right to be informed about and consulted on certain matters. But so far they have not radically altered labor relations or made them qualitatively different from those in neighboring countries. Indeed, critics have suggested that the Auroux bill did more to antagonize employers than it did to please the workers or significantly shift the balance of power in the factories. It must be added, however, that the government never seriously claimed that the legislation would bring about a democratic revolution on the shop floor.

A left-wing government coming into office after twenty-three years of conservative rule could have acted quite differently. It might have addressed its supporters as follows: "Though the years ahead will be tough and we will have little to parcel out, we do have our common vision and we should at least begin to implement this joint project. We can raise the wages only of those on the bottom of the scale, while lowering the highest salaries. Otherwise, from a slowly growing national economic pie, there will be little surplus to distribute. But we can start a gradual transfer of power to the workers in factories and offices. Our ultimate objective is a free association of producers, a society in which working people are the masters of their own destiny. Meanwhile, during the transitional period, let us determine together how to change our work and our lives. We also need your wholehearted support to stand up to the inevitable counteroffensive of capital."

This would have been the language of a leadership dedicated to forging a unified political coalition capable of long-term action. But such language would have provoked a strong reaction, and it is not surprising that Mitterrand chose instead the classless message of national unity.

When leftist governments feel compelled to take a conservative line, reporters rush to write about the clash between dream and reality. In France, the cliché is even more inappropriate than usual. Dreaming is conspicuously absent from the current French experiment. Indeed, it is difficult to recall that less than fifteen years ago, during the May uprising, Paris was in ferment with ideas on new ways of producing and consuming. The rebels acted as though they had reinvented life and love. Actually, there may be a link between the not-so-utopian dreaming of yesterday and the apparent realism of today. After the unexpected uprising of students and workers in May 1968, the task of the French left, Communists and Socialists alike, was to persuade its supporters that although a radical break with the past was impossible, steady improvements in living standards under a left-wing government would greatly alter their condition. But by the time the left was able to guide the revolutionary fervor into electoral channels, a generation of rising prosperity had come to an end throughout the Western world.

Strange as it may seem, the left has never pondered publicly the political consequences of this economic downturn. When the Socialists and Communists elaborated their "common program" in 1972 or, two years later, when Giscard d'Estaing defeated Mitterrand narrowly for the presidency, the economic crisis was not a major issue. In 1977 and [illegible]8, when the left appeared to have victory within its grasp, it staged something that sounded like a parody of a debate on the subject. The Communists painted the future in terms of a Japanese-style growth rate, thus evading the problem. Michel Roccard, today's Minister of Planning, hinted that as the means had diminished, one should scale down the ends, while Mitterrand, like all astute politicians, preferred to postpone decisions till after the elections. After the Communists chose to split with the Socialists rather than join them as junior partners, the left managed to snatch defeat from the jaws of victory. Its supporters were stunned,

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and since there was no longer any search for a joint program, there was no need to discuss the crisis. Victory came in 1981 as a "divine surprise," a gift from heaven.

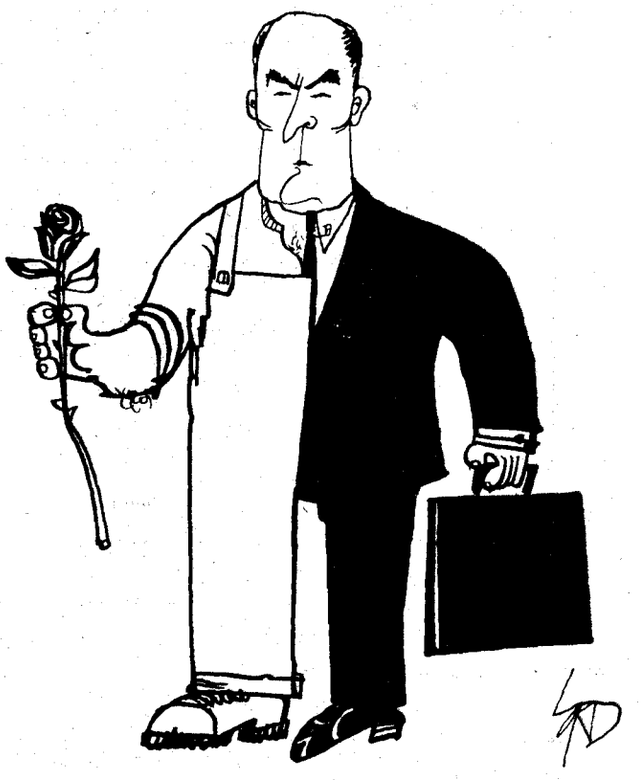
A huge electoral victory that was unrelated to any important social movement—this may be the historians' verdict on the latest Socialist success in France. When the Popular Front was swept into office in 1936, its triumph was hailed by workers occupying factories. On the night of Mitterrand's victory, young people stormed the Place de la Bastille to dance and lightheartedly berate the *ci-devant* Elkabbach and Mougeotte, the now-forgotten TV personalities of the *ancien régime*. Absence of support by an open social movement gives a left-wing government room to maneuver, as it can generally rely on the sympathy of the labor unions. The disadvantages, however, are much greater. Lack of pressure also means lack of passionate support, which is indispensable for intimidating the opposition. In 1936, big business pleaded with Blum to make a deal with the workers, whatever the price; all that mattered was to salvage the system. Following Mitterrand's election, business, big and small, has remained unfrightened.

The Socialists were well aware how great an asset a social movement could be. Yet they did nothing to encourage its development because of their reluctance to antagonize business. One recent incident will serve to illustrate the point. Addressing a rally of business leaders, Jacques Delors, the Minister of Finance, made a surprise announcement that the real minimum wage would not be raised by 4 percent in 1983, as had been promised, but only by 3 percent. The change, though not big enough to alter the government's economic planning, did anger its supporters, particularly those who had been justifying austerity measures on egalitarian grounds. But the timing of Delors's announcement had a symbolic purpose. It was intended to show that this government is orthodox, reasonable and ready to defy its own supporters.

Since this letter seems to have become an indictment, I had better add some qualifications. The situation in France is not a repetition of the Harold Wilson story in Britain, with its surrenders and betrayals. Mitterrand did not promise any revolutionary change and has, so far, kept most of his campaign pledges. The story, rather, is one of anachronistic platforms and obsolete remedies. Capitalism was so successful for a quarter of a century that most of the left, including Western Communists, were converted to some version of reformism. But the Socialists in France were voted into office at a time when capitalism had plunged into a crisis that, by its very nature, was a crisis of reformism as well. Today it would be more realistic to tackle the problems raised by the May "utopians" fifteen years ago—what growth, for what purpose, in whose interest?—than to follow the "realists," who are unable to imagine anything beyond the confines of existing society, with its prospects of greater exploitation and higher unemployment.

Naturally, the search for a radical alternative would be merely a beginning. There are a host of questions to be answered about the nature of a different society and how to construct it. How would the people express their deep aspirations and shape them into a policy? How would a measure of planning, necessary to coordinate change, be combined with power at the grass roots—centralism with genuine democracy? Could a country like France start the experiment on its own? How long could French Socialism last without a European contagion, and to what extent could it afford to forgo some of the advantages of the international division of labor? With the Soviet model derailed and the Western model, once praised for its "permanent motion," running obviously out of steam, the left must embark on an uncharted road and show an extraordinary capacity for invention. I am not condemning the French for not providing all the answers, merely suggesting that they are not asking any of the right questions. With the Socialists paralyzed by the prerogatives of power ("office" might be the more accurate word), the Communists dizzied by a series of volte-faces and the New Left totally absent, as if the May Movement had no children at all, one may put it nostalgically: imagination has not seized power in Paris so far.

Paris, Athens, Madrid today, and possibly Lisbon tomorrow. Everywhere the bankruptcy of the right paves the way for Socialists, for reformers who will be faced with the same dilemma as the French. Admittedly, in a Spain just emerging from the Franco nightmare or a Greece run previously by all sorts of colonels, the Socialists must also liberalize the country, perform the task of the bourgeois revolution. Yet fundamentally their problem is the same as in other Socialist countries. When the left advances boldly on the economic front, reshaping society, it can be brilliantly libertarian. When it retreats, it can be reduced to cheap electioneering and mean concessions. On law and order, on immigrant



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workers, on the rights of women, the official mood in Paris is no longer what it used to be.

But the pendulum has not swung completely the other way either. The worst is never a certainty. If the government forgets the class struggle, the employers do not. The unions backing the government will begin losing votes in factory elections. The goodwill of the workers will not be eternal.

And there is François Mitterrand, too, determined to leave his mark on history, and he knows he cannot do so by following in Harold Wilson's footsteps. In this rather lengthy and gloomy letter I have tried to paint the whole canvas and stress the dilemma. In future letters I shall fill in the gaps with more specific and, possibly, more hopeful messages. The only thing I promise is to attempt, then as now, not to present my dreams as French or European reality. □

FOLLOW-UP.

The Adamic Affair

NICK SIVULICH

The mysterious death of Cuban-born political activist Terry Santana, reported in *The Nation* by Anne Nelson ["The Santana Case," December 25, 1982], bears an eerie resemblance to that of another left-wing polemicist, Yugoslavian-born author Louis Adamic, thirty-one years ago. This is not to say that the two deaths are related in any way, but they do provoke similar questions.

Just before dawn on September 4, 1951, firemen arrived at Adamic's isolated farmhouse atop a hill near Riegelsville, New Jersey. They were summoned by neighbors who had smelled smoke and seen flames rising from the property. When they arrived, the farmhouse was still ablaze, but the barn, which was used as a garage and as a storage place for Adamic's voluminous files, had burned to its foundation. Rags soaked with fuel oil were strewn about.

The firemen put out the fire in the farmhouse, where they found piles of oil-soaked rags and an oil can that had been punctured by an ax, which was lying nearby. Its handle had been wiped with an oily rag.

Adamic's body was discovered upstairs, sprawled on a couch in his bedroom-study. His .22 Mossberg rifle rested on his knees and there was a bullet wound, with powder burns, above his right ear. Manuscript pages were scattered about the room. The furniture and Adamic's face were covered with soot from the burning rags.

If Adamic himself had poured fuel on the rags so that the flames would spread, he had somehow managed not to get any on his hands, since they did not smell of oil. The fire warden told a *Newsweek* reporter that Adamic's body was rigid, indicating he might have died before the blaze started. An autopsy placed the time of death at a few hours prior to the firemen's arrival.

The Hunterdon County prosecutor told reporters, "There appears nothing to indicate anything but suicide." State police investigators came to the same conclusion, as did some of Adamic's friends, although he had left no note. His wife, who was living in Los Angeles, reportedly had been fretful about the risks his "political" writing entailed and said she believed her husband had taken his own life.

Louis Adamic had lived alone at the farmhouse since his return from Yugoslavia in July, trying to complete a book he had been working on for three years. The book was expected to include a generally favorable biography of Marshal Tito and was rumored to contain the names of Yugoslav war criminals living in the United States.

Conceding that the state police had no hard evidence pointing either to murder or to suicide, a spokesman said, "A man about to take his own life and wanting to destroy all his own works with fire might have done that. But we don't overlook the fact that any outsider anxious to destroy evidence of wrongdoing also may have set the fire."

The consensus of the news accounts of Adamic's death was that the "outsiders," if any, were Cominform agents—pro-Stalin, anti-Tito Communists who did not want Adamic revealing what he knew of the Tito-Stalin rift. The Federal Bureau of Investigation was invited to join the investigation because a newspaper clipping bearing the headline "Adamic Red Spy, Woman Charges," found in his wallet, suggested Communist involvement. But the Bureau soon declared it saw no reason to pursue the case. F.B.I. agents, however, reportedly removed some of the contents of the farmhouse.

No clear fingerprints were found on the ax, the oil can or the rifle, police said. The question of whether Adamic could have shot himself and then laid the rifle across his knees was apparently never raised.

In a lecture delivered November 11, 1947, Louis Adamic said:

> World War III is almost a mathematical certainty unless we, the U.S., approach the present negative and explosive situations with positive, constructive programs and actions, both home and abroad. Whether or not we can avoid World War III I don't know; but I do know that if we don't try to avoid it, nothing else is worth trying or doing. If we don't at least try to avoid it, everything else is futile and ludicrous, and worse—devastating. It is futile to bear and raise children. It is vain to wonder about the kind of curtains you'll hang up in your living room. It is futile to write and read books, to go to lectures or to church or school. It is silly to worry about being called a Red or a Communist, or whatever; or about being hauled up before the un-American committee. It is futile to work at your job, whatever it may be. . . .

If the 1950s did not cut out the left half of the American soul, they made a good stab at it. □

Nick Sivulich is a former military and technical editor.

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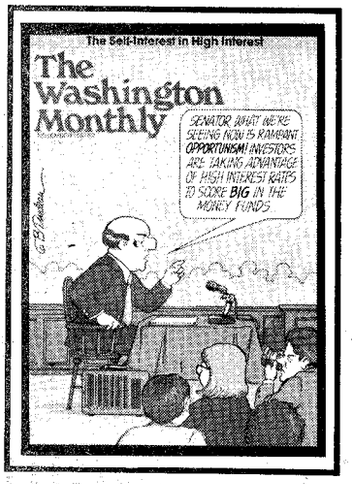
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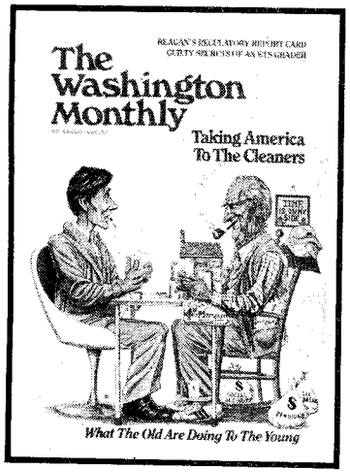

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Progressives vs. Prostitutes

ANN JONES

THE LOST SISTERHOOD: Prostitution in America, 1900-1918. *By Ruth Rosen. The Johns Hopkins University Press. 245 pp. $18.50.*

Prostitutes, like the poor, seem to be always with us. It's true that other nations—Cuba and China, for example—have reclaimed prostitutes through job retraining, but as historian Ruth Rosen points out in *The Lost Sisterhood*, "the socialist assumption that prostitution is not an individual moral failing" runs against "the strong strain of individualism in American social thought." Yet Americans unwilling to tamper with social and economic arrangements have fewer qualms about meddling with morals, so from time to time we have gone after prostitution.

According to Rosen, earnest reformers of the 1830s, members of the Magdalen Society or the Moral Reform Society, sought to "rescue" prostitutes, whom they saw as hapless victims of male licentiousness, and, with glorious optimism, to set men straight. They were not altogether successful, but a second wave of reform in the last decades of the nineteenth century did beat back "reglementarian" plans to accept prostitution as inevitable and to regulate the trade by registering and policing ladies of the evening. Groups espousing religious, feminist and civil libertarian principles came together in a social purity movement to abolish prostitution and pornography, reform prostitutes and assert the right of married women to refuse to have sex with their husbands.

But nineteenth-century reformers of all stripes sooner or later collided with the unbudgeable notion that male sexuality simply could not be contained. Apply pressure in one area by eliminating prostitution, and male lust, like a bad bedspring, would poke out somewhere else—in adultery, seduction or rape. Prostitution, though undeniably a great evil, seemed to be a necessary one. The red-light district, as a Bridgeport, Connecticut, vice report concluded in 1916, was "a protection to the morality of the womanhood of the city," and the prostitute herself became by this curious logic a sort of guardian of public virtue.

Reformers of the Progressive Era—the period on which Rosen concentrates—began to think otherwise. Alarmed at the spread of venereal disease and concerned about "the future of the race," Progressives recast the old antiprostitution arguments in scientific and medical terms. They blamed the prostitute for decades of complicated changes in family structure and the status of women. She was no longer a protector of virtue but a destroyer of health, family life and all our prospects. And as Rosen convincingly argues, by commercializing the most intimate of human contacts, the prostitute became a symbol of all that was wrong with America. The old-fashioned movement to abolish prostitution through moral reform gave way to a modern Progressive movement to abolish prostitution through state intervention.

Probably prostitution was already declining. Rosen endorses the view of Richard Evans, who studied the trade in Germany, that prostitution reaches its peak during the stage of industrialization when women are excluded from employment in heavy industry and falls off as the growing clerical and service sectors offer them jobs. If that pattern holds true—obviously no statistics exist to verify it—then prostitution peaked in this country between 1850 and 1900 and dwindled in the twentieth century just as it belatedly achieved the standing of *The* Social Evil.

The Progressives who tried to legislate the evil away were an odd lot of conservatives and liberals, feminists and antifeminists, religious reformers and scientific social hygienists; and predictably the measures passed by this uneasy coalition helped business and political interests more than prostitutes and indigent women. When brothels were closed and red-light districts cleaned up, in-house support networks fell apart and prostitutes were turned out to walk the streets alone, prey to johns and cops alike. Control of prostitution passed from residential madams to itinerant pimps, and the pimps in turn cam under the control of organized crime.

The prostitutes themselves, the evi sisterhood lost in this reformist shuffle were mostly working-class women wh preferred prostitution to wage slaver because the hours were shorter, the ac commodations spiffier and the pros pects of moving up in society muc greater. Many of the women describec in the Progressive Era studies Roser uses as sources, like many of today's prostitutes, came from very unstable families and as children were victims of sexual abuse or incest. But many others were married women taking up the slack for ailing or unemployed husbands. Those who "chose" prostitution were making the best of a bad hand dealt all working-class women. Rosen, in her straight-backed prose, outlines the "dehumanizing alternatives" for a woman in a "position of socially structured powerlessness." She could choose "to sell her body in a loveless marriage contracted solely for economic protection; to sell her body for starvation wages as an unskilled worker; or to sell her body as a 'sporting woman.'" The tempting advantages of sporting are described here by many prostitutes, including Maimie Pinzer, a woman who tried all three options and finally settled for a second marriage. (Pinzer's letters on the subject, written to her benefactor, Fanny Quincy Howe, were edited by Rosen and Sue Davidson and published by The Feminist Press as *The Maimie Papers*.)

As for the Progressives' high-pitched campaign against the white-slave trade—the abduction of women and girls into forced prostitution—Rosen writes it off as mass hysteria which only diverted attention from the economic problems fostering prostitution. She re-evaluates studies done at the time, some of which blamed white slavery for recruiting 25 to 30 percent of all prostitutes, and after adjusting for biased questions and loaded language, she concludes: "It may be safely assumed . . . that white slavery, though it did exist, was probably experienced by less than 10 percent of the prostitute population." For this we must take Rosen's word, but she is a scrupulous and thorough researcher, not given to exaggeration. If anything, she is overly cautious, coming down quietly in the end on the side of social and sexual "egalitarianism."

Ann Jones, the author of Women Who Kill *(Fawcett), writes often on women and the law.*

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Still, that enslaved 10 percent troubles the heart. Like many other historians of women reacting against the "poor helpless little thing" school of women's studies, Rosen takes care to portray women as responsible actors in history, not mere victims. But *The Lost Sisterhood* may inadvertently leave the impression that "the life" was not really so bad after all. The prostitute in the Bellocq photograph on the dust jacket, flaunting her striped stockings and raising a glass of Raleigh rye, looks positively smug; another woman, who learned the trade from her mother, likens her apprenticeship to that of any kid helping mom mind the store. Nevertheless, sex is not groceries.

This confusion is not Rosen's fault; she clearly takes the measure of Progressive society by the abysmal "choices" it held out to women. But in our own sexually "liberated" times, we may get it all backward. Today, Rosen says, more johns are after kinky sadomasochistic action, and hundreds of prostitutes, most of them teen-age runaways, are murdered each year in the line of work. The Progressive reformers, for all their zeal, succeeded mainly in making life more difficult and dangerous for prostitutes. Yet girls and women still "choose" prostitution in the same sense and for the same reasons they chose it seventy-five years ago. The difference is that today we think The Social Evil scarcely evil at all and those who oppose it, whether on political, economic or moral grounds, old-fashioned prudes. *The Lost Sisterhood*, read aright, might help us think again. □

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Born-Again Jew

DEAN VALENTINE

AN ORPHAN IN HISTORY: Retrieving a Jewish Legacy. *By Paul Cowan. Doubleday and Company. 247 pp. $15.95.*

Like wife-swapping and Republicanism, genealogy was once a rich man's obsession. With the appearance of *Roots* in bookstores and on the home screen, it passed over into the middle class. Suddenly Americans were setting off on ancestor safaris, interviewing grandparents or jetting off to the Old Country to hunt up the Kunta Kinte of their line. It was, to be sure, a fad, but its very intensity hinted at deeper yearnings than could be satisfied by tracking down distant relatives.

The genealogical craze was, in fact, part of a larger trend. In the 1970s, America entered the past. A series of cultural, political and economic disasters—the boycott by the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries, Watergate, the appalling duo of Ford and Carter, the decline of the New Left and the counterculture—left people shaken about the present and nervous about the future. The young, especially, started looking inward and backward for solace, latching onto est or Zen or Rolfing or born-again something or other. For Paul Cowan, a 42-year-old staff writer for *The Village Voice*, it was Judaism.

An Orphan in History is like *The Jazz Singer* run in reverse: the hero rejects the assimilationist values with which he was raised and becomes an Orthodox Jew. Born into the American elite, Cowan is the grandson of Modie Spiegel, founder of the mail-order house that still bears his name, and the son of Louis Cowan, a successful producer of radio and TV programming. Until the quiz-show scandal of 1960 forced him to resign, Lou was also president of CBS-TV. The family lived on Manhattan's tony Upper East Side and moved easily in both intellectual and corporate circles.

In the reckoning of their son, the Cowans paid a brutal price for their worldly ease: their past. In his drive to make good, Lou Cowan severed himself from his poor and Orthodox Jewish background. He raised his children as WASPs: "My father, an only child, changed his name from Cohen to Cowan when he was twenty-one. He was so guarded about his youth that he never let my brother or sister meet any of his father's relatives. . . . My family always celebrated Christmas and always gathered for an Easter dinner of ham and sweet potatoes." The Cowans never went to temple. For them, Judaism was a fading ancestral memory.

Like many of his generation, Cowan found the official American culture thin gruel, and he began foraging for a more substantial diet. His experiences in Israel, as well as his political involvement in the 1960s, convinced him that what was lacking in his life was a sense of "spiritual community," the very thing his father had fled decades before. Cowan received his first intimation that Judaism could provide him with this community while on assignment for the *Voice*. Researching a piece on the history of Jewish radicalism, he became fascinated instead with elderly Jews living on the Lower East Side—impoverished men and women who had been abandoned by their children for the lawn-green pastures of suburbia. Lonely and frightened, these old people clung to the ancient faith their parents—or they themselves—had brought with them to Ellis Island. In their story, Cowan saw his own family history writ large.

Soon Judaism becomes the organizing principle of Cowan's life. On the Upper West Side, he and his family deepen their involvement with a group of young Jews with similarly secularized backgrounds (one woman objects to the Ten Commandments as too authoritarian; she prefers the Ten Suggestions). His wife converts (Protestantism apparently doesn't count for much in the

Dean Valentine is a freelance writer and editor.

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heritage sweepstakes), his daughter gets bas mitzvahed and Cowan himself begins putting on phylacteries and observing the Sabbath. At the same time he refuses to forsake his Americanness; that would only be repeating his father's sins. He resolves to wed his identities: "Now I am an American and a Jew. I live at once in the years 1982 and 5743. . . . I am Paul Cowan, the New York bred son of Louis Cowan and Pauline Spiegel Cowan, Chicago-born, very American, very successful parents; and I am Saul Cohen, the descendant of rabbis in Germany and Lithuania." Cowan has finally found his roots. "Now as I sat in our synagogue, I realized I was no longer an orphan in time, but a wandering Jew who has come home."

A book that mixes contemporary concerns with one of the most resonant themes in Western literature, exile and homecoming, ought to make riveting reading, but *An Orphan in History* is curiously dull, both as a story and as an intellectual document. Even at its best, Cowan's prose never transcends the serviceable, and at its worst it is embarrassing ("mouths that had perhaps hollered a few obscenities were bathed in blood," he writes of the Chicago riots of 1968). The real culprit, though, is the author's well-meaning, earnest and somewhat pompous persona. He has the annoying knack of having all the right experiences and enlisting in all the correct causes at the correct times. On summer vacation from Harvard in the 1960s, he tutors black children in the South. He marches for civil rights through Mississippi. He gets married in a ceremony full of the existential voodoo common then, consisting of "readings from James Agee and Albert Camus, and personal statements about what we meant to each other and what marriage meant to us." To avoid the draft, he joins the Peace Corps, which sends him to Ecuador, where he comes to believe that "the Peace Corps is as arrogant and colonialistic as the government of which it is a part," and that his country is "the God that failed." And yet, although Cowan describes himself as a political rebel, his rebellion is always tame and well mannered: the Berrigan draft board raids, for example, he saw as "flagrant violations of the law." Joining them would have left him feeling "unaccountably subversive." In short, he held the fashionable opinions for an affluent

Three Poems

ON REMOVING SUMMER FROM THE PUBLIC GARDENS

—Geraniums, weren't they? And
was it yesterday that x'd
their exhuming? Another
summer gone, and autumn brings

its reproaching litany:
you'll never learn botany,
you'll never learn Latin. What's
happened to the gardener

who held summer in such high
esteem? Working bare-chested
even in rain, but driven
by the calendar like hay-

fever or horseflies, he must
have bundled up his tools, and
headed south with the birds. Now
a squirrel quivers a tail

of smoke, serving himself one
acorn in its own brown bowl;
from the pond, where ducks and Swan
Boats paddled in currents of

their own making, gapes a silence
not of frozen water, but
no water at all. The drained
tub, whose gradient is such

leaves beach on its rim like fish,
is deep enough to suggest
a moat between you and things
you see coming; the trumped-up

island of earth, rock and tree
could be a lion's turf—zoo
for the predator, raw-eyed
Winter, pacing and staring.

ANTHROPOD

There's nothing green,
it would seem, in the past
of this petrified pod,
stuffed until burst-
ing cotton from wood;
it is so human,

how a thing ends
not at all as begun.
As though it's blown
out its brains, it stands
bobbing, the neck
a quarter-inch thick;

but (this is odd)
the tip of each lock
of baby-hair's tied
with seeds which appear
strung on ribbons of air.
One brown plume in back,

one salted birdtail
of intransigent leaf,
yet postures as if
there remains a grave need
for a hat. As still
there may be; for milkweed

runs its own kind of blood.
When a breeze comes to split
top from stalk, the snap
releases instead
a slow, gummy sap:
it's chillingly white.

'OFFICER AND LAUGHING GIRL'

Light comes from the left. Or so
it falls in the chambers of Vermeer,
and even now in this office, where

a six-by-nine glossy print is tacked
above a desk, as if for proof
of another, anachronistic mirror:

on the laughing girl's wall, a valanced map
documents the reported shape
of a world she's never seen. No,

apparently she's seen not much
of anything. Who can deny,
studying them, the historical rift

in every experience of the sexes?
The back of his jaunty hat, the black
space-arrogating nerve of it;

and the puffed-up crimson sleeve he cocks
behind in our direction, the fist
curling at the hip, and the wrist

enveloped in the flounce of his blouse.
The sun-dazzled oval of her face
tilts, just so, in a border of starched

white scarf; and her hands, as if to frame
a possibility in its place,
circle a glinting long-stemmed glass

from which, it appears, she has yet to drink.
Crystalline, her eyes reflect
on him; it's clear he told the joke.

Mary Jo Salter

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child of his time and place.

Cowan's talent for typifying his generation's adventures hardly ends with his predictable disillusionment with radical politics after the Weathermen bombings. Although he did not pack his bags to trail after Swami Muktananda or enlist in est, Cowan is no less that fabled creature of the 1970s, the narcissist. *An Orphan in History*, ostensibly a spiritual odyssey, contains few mentions of God or of the contents of Judaism; it's as if St. Augustine had excised Jesus from the *Confessions*. There are, by contrast, many pages—231, to be precise—devoted to recounting how Cowan became who he is. It is not his soul that sparks his imagination but his self, his personal quest for fulfillment.

There is nothing wrong, of course, in wanting to revive the past—on the contrary. The past makes Americans anxious. It stands in the way of progress (read: making money). Like developers tearing down old neighborhoods for glass towers and parking lots, Americans happily demolish their individual histories, discarding the "old me" in favor of the latest model. Sometimes we "overcome" our pasts, or "rise above" them. It was Robert Warshow who pointed out that cowboys, America's mythical heroes, have neither parents nor children; they are rootless. The worship of the rootless loner may explain why Americans find it so easy to reject their parents or tuck them into nursing homes even when they're perfectly healthy. One of the most affecting anecdotes in this book tells of a tiny old man nicknamed Moishe the Cleanly, who lives in New York's Vladeck projects. His daughter married a doctor and moved to exotic Yonkers. He has few visitors, and kisses Cowan with joy when he comes to see him. He lives in constant fear of muggers.

For the tired and poor like Moishe, as well as for Orthodox Judaism itself, a cultural shift toward the past may be a promising development. But it is one thing to want to preserve the historical and ethical meanings of Judaism, or to discover a religious streak in oneself. It is quite another to turn to religion and tradition as a cure for hip, existential ills. After all, today's therapy is tomorrow's old news. Right now, I'm into Judaism. Tomorrow I may give yoga a shot. The day after, maybe I'll look into computers. My grandfather was an electrical engineer . . .

Cowan fails to realize that the fascination with family, the need for community, the longing to "go home," are not antidotes to modernism but distinctly modernist phenomena. The withdrawal into the self, the hunger for community which recrudesces in periods of great social crisis, like Germany in the 1930s or the United States today, has its roots in the very structure of modern industrial society. Expecting that one "lifestyle option" or another will cure the fragmented self is like changing lightbulbs in a blackout. □

Those Were the Days, Sort of

MAURICE ISSERMAN

REBELS IN BOHEMIA: The Radicals of *The Masses*, 1911-1917. *By Leslie Fishbein. University of North Carolina Press. 270 pp. $24.50.*

Judging by the popularity of *Ragtime* and *Reds*, and by the number of people I see wearing Emma Goldman "If I can't dance I don't want to be in your revolution" T-shirts, I would guess that pre-World War I American radicalism is enjoying its best year since, say, 1912. Those were simpler, happier times for the left, or seem so in retrospect. We still live amid the personal and political rubble produced by the collapse of the New Left, so a lot of nostalgia for the 1960s is getting displaced onto another time of freewheeling, high-spirited radicalism. Even so sober and skeptical a critic of left-wing utopianism as Irving Howe, in his recent autobiography *A Margin of Hope*, reveals a soft spot in his heart for this early era of radical good feeling: "Some people wondered why [*Dissent*] couldn't be like the old *Masses*, the lively radical magazine of the years before the First World War, and all I could mumble in reply was that the old *Masses* had been published before the bad news arrived."

Leslie Fishbein, a professor of American studies at Rutgers University, has brought more bad news. While *Rebels in Bohemia* is not without a certain nostalgic appeal, Fishbein approaches the era as a critic rather than a celebrant. On the basis of a close and scholarly study of the lives and beliefs of the writers and artists associated with *The Masses*, the Greenwich Village-based left-wing monthly, she concludes that there was trouble in paradise:

> For *The Masses*' radicals . . . the era was marked by a confusion of idea and desire. . . . By refusing to discriminate among pleasing ideas, by eschewing any attempt to assess their relative worth and mutual compatibility, new radicals avoided an immediate crisis of role definition by postponing the day of final reckoning. But that postponement meant that they generally lacked the intellectual rigor and discipline to weather that crisis when it finally came.

Elsewhere Fishbein accuses the *Masses* radicals of "celebrating crudity, youth, and vulgarity," while seeking "immediate gratification at the expense of the discipline necessary for long-term commitment to radical ideas." If this sounds as if we are back in the 1960s, it is probably no accident. Fishbein's "rebels in bohemia" were, for the most part, young, well-educated men and women, drawn from middle-class families presided over by permissive parents who encouraged their children's self-expression and equipped them with a set of personal values hostile to the marketplace. Finding the outside world a difficult place to be so equipped, they searched for like-minded souls and wound up in Greenwich Village.

Radical political involvement provided these disaffected children of affluence with a sense of community, engagement and personal authenticity. Like a later generation of young radicals in Cambridge, Ann Arbor and Berkeley, the pre-World War I rebels believed that the personal was political: artistic creativity, psychoanalysis and feminism were as important to their rebellion as the doctrines of class struggle. The Village rebels passed around well-thumbed and annotated copies of *Thus Spake Zarathustra* the way their spiritual descendants a half-century later passed around *Eros and Civilization*. Nietzsche, like Marcuse in the 1960s, would be given a sunny and therapeutic interpretation: by a willed act of self-transformation, the Village rebels decided, an individual could overcome the stifling limits on imagination and sensation imposed by a deca-

Maurice Isserman teaches history at Smith College. He is the author of Which Side Were You On? The American Communist Party During the Second World War *(Wesleyan University Press).*

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dent culture, becoming at once more primitive and more advanced than those who still paid allegiance to the old gods. They took the Nietzschean injunction "Build thou beyond thyself" as their motto in the personal and political realm. And so the regulars at Mabel Dodge's celebrated salon would be treated one evening to Abraham Brill lecturing on Freud; another evening they would turn out to hear Big Bill Haywood proselytize for the I.W.W., and on still another memorable occasion they all ate peyote and played havoc with the expensive furnishings.

So what is so bad about a few years of self-indulgent intellectual eclecticism? For all their lack of systematic thought (perhaps, as Fishbein concedes at one point, *because* of their lack of system), the editors, writers and artists associated with *The Masses* managed to put out one of the few radical publications that bears rereading by later generations. (William L. O'Neill's *Echoes of Revolt, The Masses 1911-1917*, published in 1966, is a handsome coffee-table selection of articles and drawings from the magazine, and is still the best introduction to the world of the prewar Village rebels.)

But Fishbein approaches the past with a crowded agenda of contemporary concerns. At times *Rebels in Bohemia* reminded me of one of those Old Left labor histories where the author incessantly takes poor Terence V. Powderly and Sam Gompers to task for errors of tactics and philosophy. No doubt if Philip Foner had been president of the American Federation of Labor in 1893, things would have turned out differently. And if Leslie Fishbein had been appointed editor of *The Masses* in 1912 instead of Max Eastman, she might have gotten those rebels in bohemia to shape up. How? By handing out reading lists. As she comments sternly midway through the book,

> The radicals associated with *The Masses* lacked intellectual discipline. Most of them had read little of the works of Marx and Engels and so were easy victims of distortion and simplification. Although they tended to read more of Freud's works, they approached psychoanalysis more often with the zeal of converts than with any attempt at objectivity. The reason for their blindness was simple: they were more interested in personal salvation than in ascertaining truth. . . . By failing to create a socialist critique of everyday life, they permitted the fatal distinction between the personal and political to arise once more and to blight the budding sense of radical community.

Most historians carry around field marshals' batons in their briefcases. They all ponder the might-have-beens of their favorite periods. What usually keeps the baton in the briefcase is a humbling awareness of the advantage that historical perspective gives to them. Historians are not smarter than the people they study; they're just later arrivals on the scene. Even if Max Eastman had turned down the opportunity to edit *The Masses* in 1912 and had locked himself up for five years in the 42d Street library with the collected works of Marx and Freud, I doubt that he would have emerged at the end thinking and writing like T.W. Adorno. Meanwhile, *The Masses* would have been out a good editor. And even if the *Masses* group had somehow transformed itself into a proto-Frankfurt School, I am not persuaded that it would have made much difference in the fortunes of the American left over the next few decades of repression, "normalcy" and Depression. If contemporary radicals still lack a comprehensive "critique of everyday life," let us put the blame where it belongs—on ourselves—not on the already overburdened shoulders of the rebels in bohemia. □

Books About The Bomb

DAVID CORN

Recently I overheard a conversation between two middle-aged women on a Fifth Avenue bus. "All I seem to read these days are books and articles about nuclear war," said one. The other half-nodded in response. "Honestly," the first continued, "I just can't seem to get enough of it."

We are indeed in the midst of a boom of books about nuclear war, most of which fit into one of two categories: the current climate of arms buildup and, incredibly, the war itself. One of this season's standout offerings in the first category [excerpted in *The Nation*, November 13, 1982] is Robert Scheer's *With Enough Shovels: Reagan, Bush & Nuclear War* (Random House, 285 pp., $14.95). Based on Scheer's newsmaking interviews with Reagan, Bush and the now infamous T.K. Jones, Deputy Under Secretary of Defense for Research and Engineering, Strategic and Theater Nuclear Forces, and the rest of the whole sick crew, it shows us how Reagan and his cronies think (if that's the word for it) about nuclear war. Take Charles Kupperman, a Reagan appointee to the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency: "It is possible for any society to survive" a nuclear war; it "is a destructive thing, but still in large part a physics problem." Or take our Commander in Chief on the Russian character: "We have a different regard for human life than those monsters." A proper response is a Strangelovian combination of comic absurdity and terror. Scheer does explain that the Reaganauts are not lunatics bent on incinerating the world but "hostages to their own rhetoric." This kind evaluation is somehow not much comfort. Nevertheless, Scheer's book provides a fascinating look at our current crop of nuclear warriors.

Across the Atlantic, E.P. Thompson has coined a term for the force that drives the nuclear warriors: "exterminism," the inertial thrust within the United States and the Soviet Union that drives both toward nuclear conflict. In *Beyond the Cold War* (Pantheon Books, 198 pp., $15, paper $5.95), Thompson contends that exterminism can be halted only by a basic reshaping of the global political status quo. The source of our nuclear dilemma, he notes, is not weapons but the way the cold war has become institutionalized on both sides. In fact, Thompson believes we have only two or three decades to prevent the predictable outcome. "We have to go behind the missiles to the Cold War itself," he argues. Within the context of a continuing cold war, the freeze and arms control agreements are meaningless.

Exterminism and Cold War (N.O.B./Verso, 358 pp., $27.50, paper $9.50), with an introduction by Thompson and a foreword by the editors of *New Left Review*, consists of responses to Thompson's thesis by Rudolf Bahro, the Medvedevs, Noam Chomsky, Alan Wolfe, Mary Kaldor and others. Taken

David Corn is associate editor of Nuclear Times. *He has written for* In These Times *and* New Statesman.

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as a whole, these essays attempt to understand the arms race within a historical and leftist perspective. Not all the contributors agree totally with Thompson, but the message is clear: nuclear sanity is far away, and nuclear war hovers much too close to the present.

Thomas Powers also believes that war is close. In *Thinking About the Next War* (Alfred A. Knopf, 155 pp., $10.95), a collection of essays on the arms race originally written for *Commonweal*, Powers raises the specter of the next war again and again. His essays, all well written and thoughtful, have a central theme: "We have not seen the last of the big wars, and the next one will probably involve the use of nuclear weapons." Powers notes, "Since 1945, the United States and the Soviet Union have been preparing to fight each other in a big war, and eventually they are going to do it." And he relates the next war to the present—how it changes us today, how we live with it now. Here is his young daughter's description of nuclear war: "It would probably be very smoky, and not many people, and lots of things ruined, and dark." His writing is without clichés or pretensions, full of pessimism and, probably, truth. "One day," he writes, "all the planes will go up at once, and no one will call them back." Powers's reflections may not add up to a pragmatic program for averting war, but they are valuable for the lucid manner in which they address the subject. We should all be such good thinkers on this issue, especially Reagan and the rest of the gang.

Less philosophical but more practical in its approach to the next war is *Beyond the Freeze: The Road to Nuclear Sanity*, by Daniel Ford, Henry Kendall, Steven Nadis and the Union of Concerned Scientists (Beacon Press, 132 pp., $4.95), a primer on the arms race and an attempt to present a way out. Written for the U.C.S.'s convocation/teach-in, held November 11, 1982, on several hundred campuses nationwide, it has a justifiably urgent tone and makes the familiar arguments against further armament. Additionally, *Beyond the Freeze* provides a worthwhile thumbnail sketch of the history of the arms race. It avoids gruesome descriptions of nuclear devastation, relying instead on the often wry testimony of established experts. For example, here's Paul Warnke on civil defense shelters: they let you choose "whether you want to be fast-fried or dry-roasted." *Beyond the Freeze* calls for no first use of nuclear weapons and the suspension of East-West suspicions, but it doesn't really tell us much about what comes after the freeze. And in the end, it settles for deterrence rather than disarmament, albeit at arms levels dramatically lower than those existing today.

So what about the war itself? When will it begin? August 4, 1985, if we are to believe Gen. Sir John Hackett, former commander of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization's Northern Army Group. In his novel *The Third World War: August 1985* and its sequel, *The Third World War Revisited: The Untold Story* (Macmillan, 446 pp., $15.75), Hackett, aided by a bevy of his NATO pals, predicts that a Soviet invasion of Yugoslavia (on July 27, 1985, to be exact) will touch off a nuclear war between us and them. Who starts it? They do. Who wins? We do—except for the inhabitants of Birmingham, England, who are vaporized by a Russian nuclear attack. (We respond by blasting Minsk.) In the meantime, a coup within the Soviet Union marks the collapse of Communism and Soviet imperialism. The war ends with the United States in a position to *enforce* global peace. Not too bad, as long as you don't live in Birmingham or Minsk.

Hackett's account runs a far second on accuracy to *Meet Mr. Bomb: A Practical Guide to Nuclear Extinction* (High Meadow Publishing, 28 pp., $2), a sometimes amusing parody of nuclear war strategy and civil defense procedures edited by Tony Hendra, of *National Lampoon* fame. Here we have the Russians, who have just completed eight hours of drunken revelry, launching an all-out attack on May 1, 1984. Targets include the training rink for the U.S. Olympic ice-hockey team; Solzhenitsyn's house; Glen Cove, Long Island; and Charlton Heston's ski lodge. Following the attack, we have the "new subcompact U.S.A." One tank of gas will get you from coast to coast. Mutant-dating and riding 240-pound Shetland roaches are the new fads. Granted, much of *Meet Mr. Bomb* is in poor taste. But Mr. Bomb's parting message is apt: "Because whatever the devastation, whatever the destruction done to the body of man's knowledge, you can't kill an idea! I'm here to stay.

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Try and forget me—you'll learn the hard way."

Meet Mr. Bomb is fantasy of one sort. Hackett's is fantasy of another, more dangerous kind. Limited nuclear war is folly, or, as Ian Clark suggests in *Limited Nuclear War* (Princeton University Press, 266 pp., $22.50), merely a way for the strategists "to deny the revolutionary interpretations of war in the nuclear age." And John G. Stoessinger, in *Why Nations Go To War* (St. Martin's Press, 226 pp., $12.95, paper $6.95), a useful study of the major wars of this century, reminds us that in "our time, unless the vanquished is completely destroyed, a victor's peace is seldom lasting." There are two other lessons he draws which should be kept in mind, especially when reading Scheer's book: (1) "With regard to the problem of the outbreak of war, the case studies indicate the crucial importance of the personalities of the leaders"; (2) "Distorted views of the adversary's character also help to precipitate a conflict."

More realistic than Hackett's we-lose-a-little, we-win-a-lot scenario in dealing with the meaning of nuclear war is *The Day After Midnight* (Cheshire Books, 143 pp., $7.95), edited by Michael Riordan and based on a 1979 Office of Technology Assessment report titled simply "The Effects of Nuclear War." Long a cult favorite with the antinuclear crowd, this O.T.A. report is a very straightforward analysis of nuclear devastation, including a frightening and detailed look at the effects of various nuclear attacks on Detroit and Leningrad. It provides all the numbers you need. For instance, by using figure 16 on page 99, you can see that in the event of a nuclear attack on selected military targets in the United States (a one-megaton ground-burst per ICBM silo, Strategic Air Command base and support base, with 50 percent fission and a nationwide P.F. [protection factor] of 5—meaning everyone is protected by 2 inches of steel, 6 inches of concrete or 9 inches of dirt), nearly 9 million people will die immediately from the fallout. That's if the attack occurs in November. Only 3 million will die if it comes in June. The wind makes the difference: it's more windy in autumn. *The Day After Midnight* also offers a look at Charlottesville, Virginia, after the war, which in this scenario begins on January 8, 1984. Charlottesville has been spared a direct hit, but it suffers a painful disintegration. It's flooded with refugees and is reeling with the aftershocks—disease and a lack of all vital necessities. Finally, its social fabric is torn apart and democracy founders. A violent feudal, clannish order is on its way. In other words, what we supposedly went to war to protect becomes a casualty.

"We'll just have to acclimalise ourselves to the Post-Nuclear Area," mutters James Bloggs to his wife, in *When the Wind Blows* (Schocken Books, 40 pp., $10.95), Raymond Briggs's cartoon tale about an elderly couple living in the English countryside after the war. Bloggs follows official civil defense procedures and assures his wife that all will be well. But slowly they begin to suffer the effects of fallout. We see them waste away in the solitude of their quaint cottage. Their gums bleed. They become nauseous. They lose their hair and their wits. And they die, having never understood what happened or why.

The Bloggs are innocents. Like most of us, they have no stake in the game of nuclear chicken now played by two opposing ideologies. And they are unaware of the present danger. One can assume that the leaders, generals and strategists on both sides consider public ignorance an asset. The recent increase in nuclear-war-related books must be somewhat worrisome for our nuclear cowboys. Reading all these new books is a tiring and frequently depressing task. However, passing the word—that nuclear war means inconceivable losses—is an essential step toward security. The growing antinuclear bookshelf is one sign that the word is indeed being passed, and that—despite all the pessimism contained in these recent releases—there is still some reason for hope. □

Victorian Adventurers

DAVID BLACK

BURTON AND SPEKE. *By William Harrison. St. Martin's/Marek. 420 pp. $17.95.*

In the late 1850s, the British adventurers Richard Francis Burton and John Hanning Speke hunted together for the source of the Nile. The two men could not have been less alike. Burton was an extrovert, an intellectual, a lusty, generous bohemian; he respected alien customs and had little sympathy for British prejudices. Speke was an introvert, an anti-intellectual, afraid of and confused by his sexuality, mean-spirited, bloodthirsty and bigoted. Both men, though, felt themselves to be exiles, out of place in their own culture, and both sought relief from that alienation in their quest—as though, like alchemists, by manipulating the external world they could produce an internal change.

William Harrison's novel *Burton and Speke* uses historical material to fashion a narrative that is efficient, compelling and complex. An alchemist himself, Harrison has selected details and shaped them with such skill that the book becomes a search as mythical and significant as that of his two heroes.

The book begins in 1854, when Burton and Speke first meet in Adan, and ends in 1864, with the two about to engage in a debate about the true source of the Nile before the British Association for the Advancement of Science. We watch the slow decline of Burton's prestige over the decade, from its height when he becomes the first European to enter the Arab holy cities of Mecca and Medina to its nadir when, as an exile, he escapes to the American West. Meanwhile Speke rises from an obscure, eccentric officer in India to the shining light of The Royal Geographical Society.

Even in an era of compulsive diary- and letter-writing, Burton was unusually prolific, and a historical novel based on his life alone would be a major undertaking. Harrison not only gets Burton down on paper; he gives us authoritative versions of Speke and at least a dozen other characters as well. In fact, *Burton and Speke* is one of the few recent novels in which the reader can identify the character speaking purely through language and tone. Burton's voice is extravagant and tough, a cross between Mr. Micawber and Jake Barnes, which comes out sounding like Henry Miller. He can be airily dismissive, as when he first sees the famous Amazon warriors of King Gelele of Dahomey: "Twenty British charladies armed with broomsticks could demolish the whole lot." Or theatrical:

> "I've seen the upper Nile with the golden sun of the pharoahs on it! I've

David Black's most recent novel is Minds *(Wyden/Playboy).*

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seen minarets covered with birds of prey—at a strange oasis in the middle of nowhere! I've seen the priests shed their black robes and walk naked! And the dervishes! And now I want to see Zanzibar, the Mountains of the Moon, King Solomon's Mines, and the mystic inland cities! Where did you serve, Lieutenant?"

Speke, by contrast, is terse and epigrammatic. His formal manner, with its "Quites" following dramatic pauses, is so restrained it seems not politeness but controlled ferocity. "I want to go to Africa . . . to die," he replies when Burton asks his reasons for applying to the first expedition.

English aristocrats, Arabs, Africans, Americans—all are given distinct diction and rhythms. "I sorta hoped you'd stay in New York awhile," says an American editor; "I say, the *wine*, haw, has so much *resin* in it that I'd stick to the beer," says an English diplomat. Harrison makes use of a kind of Dickensian exaggeration of idiosyncrasies without crossing the line into parody. On rare occasions Harrison's ear betrays him: he compares the despairing Speke to a shot partridge that, when gutted, had its breast "squeezed out. Except words would do the work: the razored barbs of tiny nouns and verbs." Razored barbs may fillet, but they do not "squeeze out," and even by itself, "razored barbs of tiny nouns and verbs" is strained and overdone.

But such awkward phrases do not appear very often. Usually, Harrison's language is transparent, his eye exact. He shows us Speke hunting deer in Scotland, beating away the smoke of his shot with his arm, and we remember that with the kind of gun Speke would have used, he would have to wave away the smoke after firing or he wouldn't be able to see if he'd made a hit. This kind of attention to detail gives the book a solidity one rarely finds in today's hurriedly churned-out historical novels. But there's more involved here than research. Harrison has filtered his history through his imagination, so that every recovered fact is rooted in a concrete sensuous reality.

Burton and Speke deserves the highest praise. It has a quality that is even rarer than excellence: it is a ***likable*** book, one of those uncommon novels that you will carry with you in your imagination long after turning the final page. □

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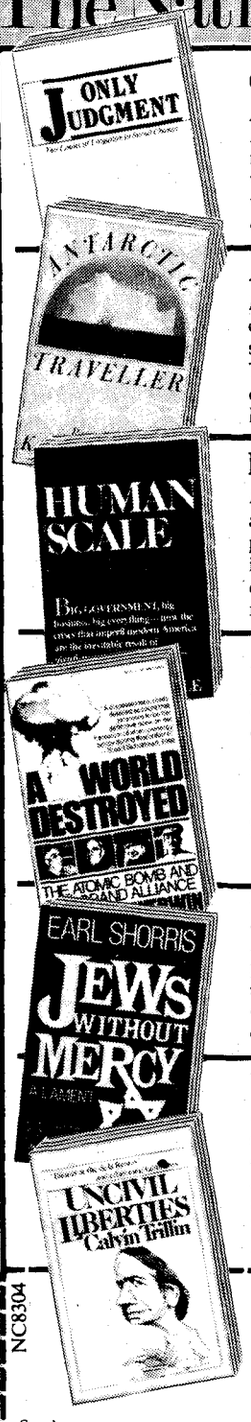

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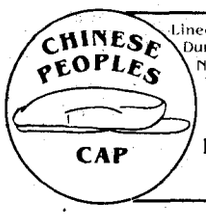

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H	■	E	■	A	■	E	■	O	■	O	■	T	■	P
A	M	M	E	T	E	R	■	L	U	N	E	T	T	E
R	■	U	■	Y	■	S	■	U	■	C	■	E	■	R
M	A	R	M	O	R	E	A	N	■	O	R	R	I	S
B	■	E	■	U	■	■	■	T	■	M	■	E	■	O
R	E	S	O	R	T	S	■	E	M	P	I	R	I	N
A	■	■	■	H	■	E	■	E	■	O	■	■	■	T
C	H	I	M	E	R	A	■	R	I	S	O	T	T	O
E	■	N	■	A	■	C	■	■	■	M	■	S	■	P
L	I	F	E	R	■	R	E	I	T	E	R	A	T	E
E	■	A	■	T	■	A	■	C	■	N	■	R	■	R
T	E	N	F	O	L	D	■	E	N	T	A	I	L	S
S	■	T	■	U	■	L	■	N	■	I	■	N	■	O
■	C	A	S	T	L	E	S	I	N	S	P	A	I	N

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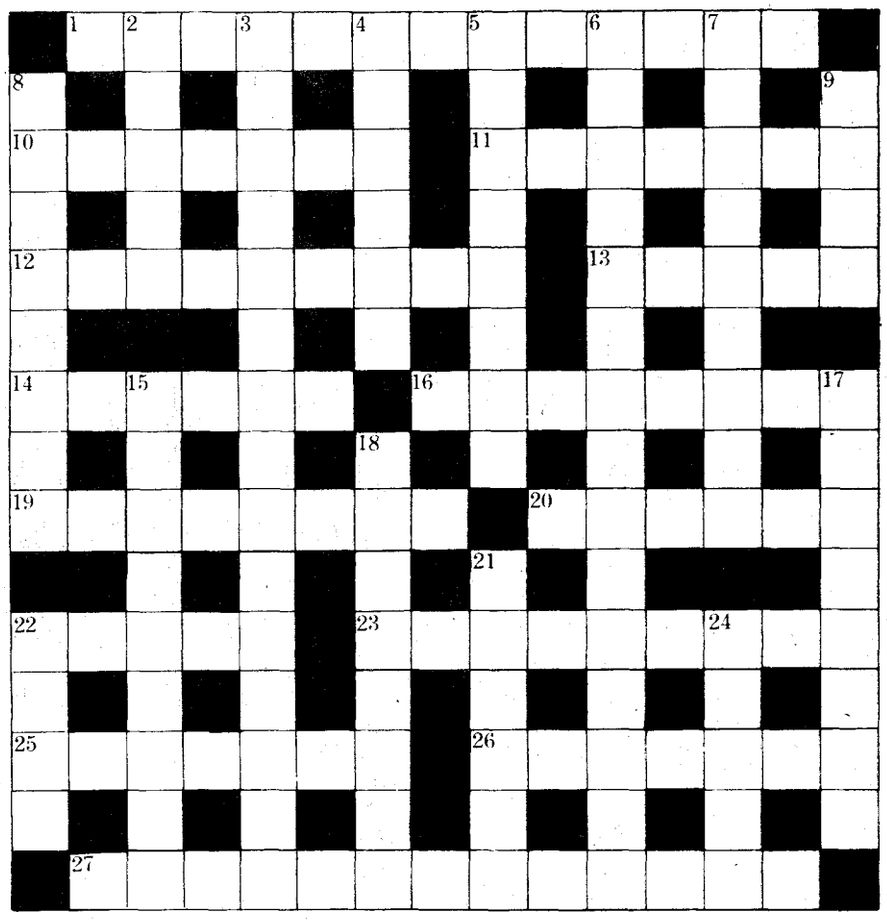
Crossword Puzzle No. 1947

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 and 24 down Often heard just before candlelight. (5,8,2,3)
10 See 26 across.
11 Watery, in a way. (7)
12 It's wrong, but hunts around for what one does in punishment. (9)
13 It's OK in the period just before a holiday to call up. (5)
14 Might be brave in the west, if not in Paris. (The press takes some trouble to show this.) (6)
16 Sticking together with Company H, to spread a report back. (8)
19 One has a right to be called this way. (8)
20 Buy something back? Think again! (6)
22 Everything has an expression of pain, as some admit. (5)
23 A variation on art, not a provider of explanatory notes. (9)
25 Chicago is in such a state! (7)
26 and 10 across A temporal question, but one usually doesn't mean "have you got a few minutes?" (4,3,3,4)
27 A delicacy to some, but business dropt out of it, perhaps. (5-4,4)

DOWN

2 Possibly found near a battle site. (5)
3 Whitewash the local communist? A high time if you do! (5,3,4,3)
4 Animal with the rear end inside the front part. (6)
5 Traveling entertainment, or shadow of one, possibly. (4,4)
6 Dick typifies them to some. (5,10)
7 Possibly 22 in print. (It isn't what the original writer does, necessarily.) (9)
8 Standard fruit juice product, considered by some to be a barrier. (8)
9 Cane product, often associated with youth. (4)
15 Article on a conversation with a well-known boxer, something of a neutralizer. (9)
17 Many of our menus might be hard to make out. (8)
18 Marine types should be found in this order. (Order for such as an ace, etc.) (8)
21 Moves along with only part of the foot. (6)
22 No modern band would be without such current units. (4)
24 See 1 across

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